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NOVEMBER 4, 1957

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MEMO *from the publisher*



DESPITE the annual autumnal hazard on a lot of fairways, when the best drive you've hit all year may stay hidden forever under a sere and yellow leaf, many golf scores continue to fall. Book sales of Ben Hogan's *Modern Fundamentals of Golf*, which appeared as a series in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* last spring, continue to rise. There seems to be evidence of a most happy and healthy relationship.

From farthest away comes testimony by John McQuirk of Cape Town, South Africa, where, just to mix things up a little, it is now *spring*. "I sincerely believed that Hogan had at last given us something on which we could rely, trust and build our games. I spent every weekend for five weeks solidly practicing his fundamentals. Two months ago I broke par on my home course with a 72 (par 74) and since then have broken par on every one of the nine courses in Cape Town. I started looking for the 'sound barrier'—breaking 70.

"Last week I did it—and in style. I equaled the course record at our new country club, which is rated by the experts as being one of the finest in South Africa. My deepest thanks."

But it is autumn in St. Louis, and from there Paxton Ackerman writes: "On Wednesday I tried my first round, adopting as near as possible the new fundamentals I had learned in this book.

"The real point of this letter is to inform you that after more than 20 years of golfing I realized the dream of all golfers. I fired a hole-in-one on a difficult 154-yard hole!"

"I studied them," says a letter from Tom Goodrich of Wilmington, Delaware, "and what do you think happened?

"I had nine birdies at Herecules Country Club—par 72—wound up with a bogie on No. 18—and a 64 for a new course record that beats the old one by two strokes.

"It's hard to say *how* much was Hogan, *how* much luck, *how* much ability. But I'm glad to take it any way it comes and glad to have my own copy so I can study the articles again."

In the case of Mr. Goodrich, study would appear to have gone about as far as it can go. As for myself, I'm sorry I can't report any success so spectacular as these. But I'm coming along, I think, and still studying as hard as I know how.

Of course we'd like to hear from any of you who can top McQuirk, Ackerman or Goodrich. And even if, like me, you can't, it would be just as much fun to hear how you and Hogan are getting along.



Harry Phillips

Acknowledgments on page 12

COVER: BOBBY COX
Photograph by Ed Stein

A gambler in cloths, Minnesota's daring quarterback keeps the fans on their feet. If his All-America hopes are blunted by days when he and his teammates seem unable to get themselves organized, Bobby takes it stoically. His problems nowadays seem small compared to those he has had to surmount all his life.

NOW IN NOVEMBER

At midseason, a reflective look at football's teams and stats

THE BOY GREW UP

The amazing story of Bobby Cox, a problem child turned football hero. By ROY TERRELL. Also, the SPECTACLE of Michigan Homecoming Weekend IN COLOR

THIS VINTAGE YEAR

Superb basketball is the province of a new pro season. SCOUTING REPORTS and ratings of all eight NBA teams. By JEREMIAH TAX

A BOAT FOR A BRIDE

Designer Bill Gordon dressed up the Oceanus to get his new wife to sea. By MORT LUND, with plan drawings and photographs IN COLOR

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

For once, the great racer Torped lived up to his incongruous name. By JEREMIAH TAX

SPORTING LOOK AT EUROPE'S SWEATERS . . .

. . . and the girls who wear them. Photographed IN COLOR

A WELL-ARMED GIRL IN THE WILDS

VIRGINIA KRAFT visits Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness and bags a bear. With photographs IN COLOR and a map of the hunting area

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• PAT ON THE BACK

84

NEXT WEEK**A GREAT HORSE AND
A SCRAPPY GENERAL**

The Lemon Drop Kid conquered Kansas City, but Humberto Meriles found a fight at the Harrisburg Horse Show

PLUS:

**HERBERT WARREN WIND
REPORTS FROM TOKYO ON
JAPAN'S BIG GOLF VICTORY**

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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Dawn Palethorpe, another of England's able equestrians, guided her mount faultlessly on last night to help British team pile up 193 points in 11 events for international jumping trophy at Pennsylvania National Horse Show in Harrisburg.



J. Wood Platt, 55-year-old Philadelphia who won twice runner-up, finally won the big one, using steady control game to overcome James H. Ackerman of Princeton, N.J. 1 and 2 for North and South senior golf championship at Pinehurst, N.C.

RECORD BREAKERS

Dexter Kniep, speed-tandem German, boosted his Class A hydro over Kneisler's Fast London Loco to 89.646 mph for new Division 1 NCA world speed record, received partial credit for two Division III marks when Parker South of Winchester, Tenn., in boats powered by Kneip engines, scooped 56 mph in Class A runabout and 57.443 mph in Class A hydro (DET 27).

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma, on brink of defeat after 44 straight, pulled snap up in last quarter, barely squeaked past unshakable Colorado 14-13 in long instant nation's longest scoring streak in another tough week for some favorites. Tachson Nevada put off last Northwestern 6-0, while Notre Dame needed last-ditch game to even last Put 13-11. Army scored twice in final period to defeat Virginia 26-12. Michigan State came from behind to catch Illinois 19-14, Ohio State edged Wisconsin 16-12, Duke was played to 14-14 standard by North Carolina State. Not an interstate was L&L, upset by Florida 22-14. Mississippi, beaten by Arkansas 12-6, Minnesota, smothered down by Michigan 24-7. Syracuse, surprised by Penn State 20-12, UCLA, shocked by Stanford 26-6. Winners, as expected, included Oregon, Texas A&M, Texas, Auburn, Dartmouth. (For repeated report, see page 9.)

San Francisco 49ers reacted to news of sudden death of "Center" Tony Muskatle (see "Milepost") by turning two past interceptions into second-half touchdowns and 24-17 victory over Chicago Bears in take over lead in NFL Western Division as Green Bay struck late lightning in last quarter to rock Baltimore Colts 21-17 and Los Angeles, back on home grounds after disastrous road trip, pulled over Detroit 35-17. Cleveland Browns sustained Chicago Bears after first quarter to win 37-7 and again led in East with some help from Washington Redskins, who upset New York Giants 14-10. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia staged ill-fated defensive battle before Steelers came out on top 60-0 for Giants for second.

BASKETBALL

Boston Celtics, with semi-prodigal-care Rick Barry and Red Staudacher and better-than-ever Bill Russell, began taking NBA apart, gave every evidence that

they are out to repeat as champions. Celtics routed past St. Louis 115-90, overcame Detroit 105-94, smothered New York Knicks for one half before Coway, Sherman and Russell exploded for 131-121 victory. Philadelphia, Syracuse and Kansas each broke even in two starts to end season in East, while Cincinnati made successful NBA debut, outwiring Nationals 116-100 to stand as West's only unbeaten team in first week. U.S.A., trailing by three points at end of third quarter, fought back greatly on shooting of Lewa Wadley's Rocky Spire two led events with 18 points) to overcome Beaumont for 53-48 victory and second straight women's world title in final game of two-week tournament at Rio de Janeiro.

LACROSSE

American distaff stars—holders of Dartford College of Physical Education 10-0, London U. 4-0, but found their match in north England team, which pulled for three goals in last five minutes to give 7-7 tie at London. U.S. team scored up four with 10 victories, 10 draws in major matches.

PARACHUTE JUMPING

Italy's accurate jumper, Fritz Hassell and Dick Tomkins, scored through air gracefully in two solo events as Cynago retained aerobically championship and Lieutenant General James Green trophy with 800 points at Good Hill. Free private support in Woodbury, Conn. Hassell, jumping from Gemini 102 at 2,000 feet, landed only eight yards from target to win spot jumping. Tomkins, taking off at 3,700 feet in his diving equipment, maintained perfect style for 30 seconds in free fall before opening chute, landed to within 15 yards of center of X.

BASEBALL

Walter O'Malley, his usual affable and glib self, and his Dodgers (mostly front office personnel) avoided Los Angeles last week (see page 29), peddled a few tickets, showed us how they might use Wrigley Field and quipped Memorial Coliseum for their games and new stadium is constructed at Chavez Ravine, signed Manager Walter Alton and Captain Pee Wee Reese to 1958 contracts, and generally began job of creating good will.

Fred Haney, still walking on cloud after World

focus on the deed . . .



OLD HALFBACK Dwight Eisenhower, flanked by his host, Naval Academy Superintendent Rear Admiral William R. Smidberg (left), and West Point Commandant Brigadier General John L. Throckmorton, reacts like any other fan as he rises to give his full-throated support to Army 150-pounders in 7-0 victory over Navy team at Annapolis.



Clifford Ann Creed, porky 11-year-old Lamar Tech sophomore from Opelousas, La. who made her biggest score in Tam O'Shafter "world" championship, won Louisiana State Amateur for third time, beating Mrs. Jackie Higgins 6 and 5 at New Orleans.

Scot victory driver Yambert, began to settle down to earth after signing to manage Minors again next year. His first move: to fire Coach Johnny Roddie, Chester Root and Connie Ryan, retain Bullock Coach Bob Keely, Replacement, Whitlow Wyatt to handle pitchers, John Fitzpatrick for first base, with Ryan's movements still to be seen.

BOXING

Gusper (Indian) Omega, cool-passing 22-year-old Mexican, moved into welterweight title picture after going 12 beating rounds with ex-Champagne Kid Gavilan to win split decision at Los Angeles. Gavilan, old boxer from boxer who was once world's best welterweight, gave it good try all way, showcasing punishing boxing and crushing blows in nine runs of nine fans and spectators, but took latest defeat philosophically: "My sport, it is low. Just put another one in the book, that's all." His manager, excellent Yasul Chade, was not quite so calm, stating: "You were relaxed! You never fight again or I go to electric chair!" Best bet was that the Kid would fight again, and Chade would easily evade electric chair.

Willie Pastrano, quick-walking, heavy-fighting New Orleans heavyweight, dapper, 301-lb., and 5'10" around Britain's boxing Dick Richardson like queen bee inspecting her troops to take 10-rounders before 11,000 admiring spectators at London's Harrington Arms (see later).

Let Aragon, winner Irish-American Los Angeles Golden Boy who was convicted on charge of offering \$500 bribe to Welterweight Dick Goldstein to throw fight, was almost hauled after California District Court of Appeal reversed decision, put him back in running to apply for license (see page 25). "The happiest day of my life," exclaimed Aragon. "The going to fight again just as soon as they'll let me."

HORSE RACING

Nadir, Arthur B. (Bald) Hancock Jr.'s heavy 2-year-old bay son of Nardiah, surged powerfully to front leaving backstretch, stalks to his mark with determination in run for wins to Jewe Terns Firm good two lengths behind on way to sweeping victory and \$15,000 50 cent purse in \$271,156 Garden State, world's richest race, at Garden State Park (see page 24). For continued



YOUNG HEAVYWEIGHT Willie Pastrano, who won handsily, makes a pass with his talented left hand while giving bloody Dick Richardson a boxing lesson at London.



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SCOREBOARD

continued



Walt Hansen, skilful Westfield, N.J., sports car driver, withdrew to Briggs Cunningham teammate Charlie Walliser's D Jig when his own car skidded and broke flywheel, covered 153 miles in 2½ hours to capture President's Cup with Walliser at Danville, Va.

Jockey Willie Harbeck, who switched from favored Jewell's Reward and got sold out on wint' '71 He's a bad boy for doing that! From Mrs. Elizabeth Galtara, it was highly probable days he "scooted" home his 81st stakes winner of year to break Eddie Arana's record and pocket \$15,594 as his share of purse.

Boracat, lightly regarded 6-to-1 shot, responded to intermittent whipping to stretch by outdistance Jockey Kewey Church (for Harbeck), held firm in face of challenge by favored Parker Up to win \$26,665 Sprinter Stakes on closing day at Kemeland.

Spanner, Louis Roeder's California-bred 3-year-old, staidly raced in early going, stayed within striking distance until ready to make move, then led charge for home to win going away by length in \$64,460 Canadian Championship Stakes at Woodbine.

GOLF

Toshiaki Nakamura, chunky 40-year-old Japanese pro with mean hitting power but soft touch of safecracker on greens (see below), served dose native on U.S. when he beat Sam Snead by six strokes in low-to-low combat, ended up reared of \$5,655.71 to win International Trophy with 274 at Tokyo. Nakamura also teamed with philistine but equally straight-pulling Keiichi Ono to win Canada Cup for Japan. Shigetani, manager; America's Sneed (281) and Jimmy Demaret (285).

HOCKEY

Montreal, safely perched atop NHL standings with 22 points, ran unbeaten string to seven games before suddenly lost-handed New York Rangers looked head-on 4-1 to take second place from favoring Boston Bruins, who dropped three in row to Chicago 3-1. Detroit 4-5, Canadiens 4-3. Black Hawks also drew head on Bruins, losing over Red Wings 5-0 into fourth place as race began to tighten up.

MILEPOSTS

ELAB-YO—Drew Schoon. 53-year-old teaching pro at Alcala's Portage Country Club, one of golf's greatest match play competitors, lap-time Ryder Cupper (in 1961, 1955, 1951, 1957), British Open champion in 1936, 1937, to PGA Hall of Fame, at Danville, Fla. (now—Anthony A. Tracy) Merklein, 45, weekly former leader, outplayed, then outswinded, Ender (with brother Victor in 1945) and co-owner of San Francisco drive of heart attack, while watching his team play Chicago Bears, at San Francisco.



ON THE WAY to piling's biggest payoff with Meadowlands, Driver Del Miller casts furtive glance at Nylund Hanover in \$160,684 Messenger Stake (see page 52).



Judy Sekk, petite, sharp-looking 22-year-old Kline beauty from Los Angeles, displayed perfect form on bowling alley, became first California female to roll sanctioned perfect game in 45-year history of Women's International Bowling Congress.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

JAN 29/30, Fresno, 200 1/2-m. Grand Prix of Western, in 2:18.26, with 211 mph average, in Mustang, California.
TROY RUTTMAN, Livermore, Calif., USAC 100-m. Blue-Gray stock car race, in 1957 Ford, Atlanta.

POAING

FRANCIS SEARY, Clearwater, Fla., 14th Street Ranges for Super, Atlanta Yacht Club.

POKING

BOB SATTERFIELD, 10-round split decision over Carol Sawyer, Newburgh, Pittsburgh.
ROBERT SCHEP, 10-round decision over Franz Steiner, middleweight, Syracuse, N.Y.
EDDIE LYNN, 10-round split decision over Tom Turcato, welterweight, New York.
JOHN RUSSELL, 10-round decision over Gale Kaim, lightweight, New York.

FIELD TRIAL

BOBO CARBONADEM BECKON, owned by Dr. William Schmitt, Alhambra, Calif., 10-year-old pointer and champion, Stockton, Calif.

GOLF

BILLY MAXWELL, Oceanside, Texas, Hesperia (Golf) Club with 175 for 22 holes.
MAX FAULKNER, Brown, Spanish Open, with 283 for 72 holes, Madrid.

HORSE RACING

BATTLE DANCE, \$13,290 Telford 8, 1:14 m. by head in 1:42 2/5, Telford, Henry Moore up.
DAY LIFE, \$19,254 Fresno 8, 1:16 m. by 1 length, in 1:50 2/5, Jameson, John Burns up.
PROMETHEAN, \$25,250 Long Island H., 1:58 m., by nose in 2:44, Jamaica, John Burns up.
CHAG, Monmouth Co. Gold Cup, 2:15 m. (heats) by 1/2 length, in 4:30 2/5, Red Bank, N.J. Joseph L. Althoff up 10 up.
COUP-DE-VITE, Monmouth Co. Hunt Cup, 3 m., by 5 lengths, in 4:45 2/5, Red Bank, N.J. Jimmy Field up.

ROGEO

(World Championship Rodeo, Tucson)
JOHN SAWYERS, Rembrandt Ranch, Calif., buckskin bronc riding.
DON McALPHEIN, Mansfield, Texas, stiff rearing.
WILLARD CORNELL, Cheyenne, Wyo., slow rearing.
HARRY MOSE, Everett, Alaska, saddle bronc riding.
BOB ROBINSON, Gallup, wild buckskin bull riding.



ON THE BRAM with his hot pitter, Japan's Nakamura, surprise winner over American pro, prepares to hole out in early round of Canada Cup matches at Tokyo.

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

THE EAST

Syracuse's faint and nagging hope that it might get properly rolling in defense of the Lambert Trophy dropped dead away as **Penn State** scored on an early break and stood off Syracuse's power plays to dump the Orangemen 20-12. On the game's fourth play, a wild pass from center gave the Nittany Lions the ball on the Orange one. They punched it over and were in front to stay.

Bartmouth rushed to four touchdowns in the first half, then sent in wave on wave of substitutes, drubbing **Harvard** 36-0. The Indians, with Harvard defenses deployed against a strong inside running game, scored twice on tricky pitchbacks from a halfback to a wide-swinging quarterback (see page 20).

THE SOUTH

Duke let quick and peppy **North Carolina** off a 14-0 kick, allowing the Wolfpack to rally to a 14-14 tie. Duke looked much the stronger club, yet spun its wheels for four straight downs at State's goal line late in the last period. The result assured the Blue Devils of an Orange Bowl crack at Oklahoma. State is forbidden bowl games because of the Jackie Moreland basketball case (see page 20).

Mississippi, which has roared through middle-class teams all season, flunked its first major test, bowing to **Arkansas** 12-6. Arkies alertly foiled three Ole Miss drives, used a pair of crafty pass and pass-lateral plays to augment its running game.

Florida, halting Fullback Jimmy Taylor and Halfback Billy Cannon, stopped **Louisiana State** 22-14. The Gators, with tlay (140-pound) Quarterback Jimmy Dunn and bruising Fullback Ed Sears doing most of the damage, now appear semi-threats to unbeaten Auburn this Saturday.

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State saw the world through rose-colored glasses after nudging fumbling **Wisconsin** in a ground battle 16-13. The Buckeyes scored twice within 2:15 minutes in the first period, kicked a 14-yard field goal in the third. State, now tied with Iowa for first place in the Big Ten, seems a good choice for the Rose Bowl trip.

On the creamy quagmire at Dyche Stadium, Iowa barely beat **Northwestern** 6-0. It was Iowa's fifth win and the Wildcats' fifth loss. Iowa's score came in the fourth period on a 31-yard pass play, Randy Duncan to Kevin Furlong. Northwestern's Wilmer Fowler merely interested the muddy ball, but Furlong took it away from him, and that was the ball game (see page 20).

All in all, it was another exciting October weekend. An upset here and there—such as Mississippi and Louisiana State—and a Halloween scare for some of the others

Ten, looked more like a harmless jack-o'-lantern, collapsed for **Michigan** 24-7. Michigan gained 276 yards to the Gophers 47 in building a 24-0 first-half lead, then seemed to bog down out of boredom.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

The **Wyoming** defense, laying back to stop the passing of Lee Grosscup, was riddled up the middle by Fullback Merrill Douglas, as **Utah** sprung a surprising ground attack to beat the Cowboys 23-15.

Memphis went to the air for one touchdown, ground out two more on running plays, upset **New Mexico** 21-6. The victory knocked New Mexico out of the Skyline Conference lead, left September favorite Utah move back in.

THE SOUTHWEST

For the fourth time since that long win streak began 45 games ago, **Colorado** scared the daylight out of **Oklahoma**, came the closest of anyone yet in losing 13-14. Oklahoma's three heroes: Halfback Clendon Thomas, who scored the tying touchdown in the last period; Quarterback Carl Dodd, who kicked the 14th point; Guard Bill Kribsner, who blocked the second Buffalo conversion attempt.

Texas A&M, growing every day in every way, played its best game of the season, beat **Baylor** 14-0. Aggie Halfback John Crow, recovered from an early-season knee injury, seemed in fine fettle, blasted for 76 yards, finished the game on Baylor 2-yard line. On its way to the Cotton Bowl, A&M still faces strong Southwest Conference opposition in Arkansas, Rice and Texas.

THE FAR WEST

The Pacific Coast Conference did little in settling its scramble to the Rose Bowl. Oregon, Washington State and Stanford, by upsetting UCLA, stayed in the running.

Oregon's great two-man line, out to prove it was the best on the Coast, swarmed into the **California** backfield, blocked a punt, recovered a fumble and buried a passer into throwing to an Oregon halfback. The Ducks turned each of these breaks into a score, added two other touchdowns to flail California 24-6.

Jack Douglas looked like a **Stanford** quarterback should, hit 10 of 12 passes for 128 yards and two touchdowns, ran a slick option play to lead the Indians to a 20-6 battering of much-hated **UCLA**.

Washington State looked the weakest of the bowl aspirants, struggling past very middling **USC** 13-12. The defeat was the Trojans' fifth this season, longest losing streak in the history of the school.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for games of Saturday, November 2

● **Michigan** — Iowa. TV Game of the Week. Hawkeyes, sparked by fine defensive play, have come clean this far. Wolverines still very much in contention for Big Ten title and trip to Rose Bowl despite lopsided loss to Spartans. Out on the limb, perhaps, but, MICHIGAN.

● **Notre Dame** — Navy. Midshipmen have displayed more versatile attack with emphasis on air arm. Undefeated Irish have weathered more trying schedule. Both teams lack breakaway threats. Difficult to diagnose. NOTRE DAME.

● **Arkansas** — Texas A&M. Once-beaten Razorbacks rose up and knocked Ole Miss from the ranks of the undefeated, while Aggies continued to roll unmolested against Baylor. Arkansas is capable, but must stick with TEXAS A&M.

● **Wisconsin** — Michigan State. Badgers, despite two losses, are the most improved team in conference. Last two outings have shown Spartans not quite the super team as witnessed in Michigan game. Wisconsin can win but I'll pick MICHIGAN STATE.

● **Yale** — Dartmouth. Unbeaten Indians invade bowl for big war party with young Ellis. Once-beaten Bulldogs will make a battle of it, but Big Green boasts many talented leavers. DARTMOUTH.

● **Auburn** — Florida. Tigers look like a elench to win SEC title but in-and-out Gators are spooked. Still sticking to the team with the better defense, AUBURN.

● **Stanford** — Oregon. Inconsistent Indians can win or lose against any team. This has been proved. Ducks, undefeated in conference, look like Rose Bowl representatives. Just the type of team for Stanford to beat. Still, OREGON.

● **Georgia Tech** — Duke. Young Yellow Jackets have stood up well but Bobby Dodd was not crying wolf when he said team lacked experience. Blue Devils are loaded despite tie by nifty North Carolina State. DUKE.

ALSO:

Army over Colgate
Baylor over Texas Christian
Brigham Young over Brown
Colorado over Missouri
Purdue over Illinois
Oklahoma over Kansas State
Minnesota over Indiana
North Carolina State over Wake Forest
Tennessee over North Carolina
Ohio State over Northwestern
Oregon State over Washington State
Penn State over West Virginia
Pennsylvania over Harvard
Pittsburgh over Syracuse
Texas over Southern Methodist
UCLA over California
Louisiana State over Vanderbilt

Last week's hunches:
19 right, 5 wrong, 1 tie.
Record to date: 95-48-7



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MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

Canada: Dow Corning Silicons Ltd., Toronto

PRO PARADE

Tony Morabito, the autocrat of the San Francisco 49ers, ran his team with a brilliant disdain for outsiders. But he loved his team, and last week he died as he would have wished—watching them take the division lead

Anthony J. (Tony) Morabito, 47, one of pro football's most controversial figures, died Sunday from a coronary in the second quarter of the 49ers-Bear game. Morabito died, as he might have wished, in his 50-yard-line seat in the lower press box at Kezar Stadium. In 1982, Morabito suffered a severe heart attack. The stocky, graying 49er owner, once a hearty, stay-up-later and go-anywhere type, was ordered to slow down. His doctor, William O'Grady, advised him "to get out of football," but Morabito said, "I'll take my chances."

After '82, Morabito's personality seemed to change. He seemed to draw the 49ers unto himself and was extremely sensitive to critical appraisal of the team. He accused the L.A. Rams of "the dirtiest game in football." He chased Co-owner Fred Levy of the Rams around the L.A. Coliseum locker room, searching for a fight; he called NFL Commissioner Bert Bell "the quagmire of nothing." Morabito's "list" of sports-writers and radio-casters he felt were unfair numbered at least two dozen, off and on.

Morabito's players, however, loved him kind and thoughtful. "People outside didn't know Tony," said Joe Vetrano, a former 49er. "He never forgot a 49er."

Coach Frank Albert, hawking in the dressing room after the 49ers had pulled out the victory 21-17, said: "The 49ers could never find a better owner, even if they got President Eisenhower."

Morabito, his steel-gray hair and heavy horned-rim glasses a familiar identification in his box, kneeled over in the second quarter when the 49ers were trailing 14-7. His 38-year-old brother and junior partner, Vic Morabito, rushed out of the press box, down the stands, across the field and around the goal posts to the opposite side. At the 49er bench he told Dr. William O'Grady and Trainer Henry Schmidt what had happened. The three ran back across the field to the

press box. In his excitement, Vic forgot he could have stepped to the regular scout phones in the press box to summon aid.

Tony Morabito was taken in a stretcher to an ambulance outside the stadium and was pronounced d.e.a. at Mary's Help Hospital. After the news of his death reached his players at half time, they turned into a



CONTROVERSY seemed to follow Morabito, but to the 49ers he was the best of bosses.

completely different team. They had been trailing the fired-up Bears 17-7; but now their defense tightened, holding the Bears scoreless, while Quarterback Y. A. Tittle directed the team to a victory and the undisputed Western Division lead.

Morabito pioneered the 49ers. He put up the money (made in lumber carrying) to start the team in the old All-America Conference in 1946. In San Francisco, pro football may be more quiet because of Tony Morabito's passing. He shunned personal publicity but always seemed to make it. He was one of a kind.

—ART ROSENBAUM

X-RAY FOR LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pass. Comp.		Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pass. Comp.
Browns	17	162	42	5-12	Cardinals	7	103	54	4-13
Redskins	30	147	107	6-8	Giants	14	158	166	13-30
Steelers	6	107	227	14-26	Eagles	0	79	0	4-13
49ers	21	64	102	13-21	Bears	17	103	202	15-31
Packers	24	48	229	11-22	Cowboys	28	152	169	16-31
Rams	35	224	133	12-16	Lions	17	88	220	23-44

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION					WESTERN DIVISION				
	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.		Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	4	3	0	.570	San Francisco	4	1	0	.800
New York	3	2	0	.600	Baltimore	3	2	0	.600
Pittsburgh	3	2	0	.600	Detroit	3	2	0	.600
Chicago Cards	2	3	0	.400	Los Angeles	2	3	0	.400
Washington	2	3	0	.400	Green Bay	2	3	0	.400
Philadelphia	1	4	0	.200	Chicago Bears	1	4	0	.200

FROM THE FLYWAYS

R—rise R—rain F—freeze-up T—temperature
 SP—spilly flight FF—fair flight GF—good flight
 EF—excellent flight GDW—good duck weather SE—
 season close (or closed) BW—buckled weather FG—
 poor gunning FG—fair gunning GG—good gunning
 EG—excellent gunning OG—outlook poor OF—out-
 look fair OG—outlook good OVG—outlook very good
 NO—season open (or opening)

ALBERTA: Ducks Unlimited reports southbound migration from Alberta now 80% completed, but large flocks of mallards and Canada geese still roiled on rivers in east central area near Dyer, 150 miles east of Calgary, where they are feeding on unharvested grain. OG for week ahead as warmer weather should thin flocks and provide last minute GG.

ONTARIO: Provincial OF with SE (some areas FG) in Lake Huron-Gali area for black and mallards, with a few pintails, buffbreasts and other species present. Most novel legs of week, however, two inflatable rubber decoys recently wounded and sunk by frustrated or at least improper hunter.

MAINE: Early-season snows now melting as GDW arrives, but week along with EF of ducks and blacks at failed Merrymeeting Bay Penobscot and Kennebec river watersheds EF EG for hunters also in Bagaduce marshes. OVG as long as GDW holds.

MARYLAND: SO Oct. 28 but Bay State ducks plagued by BW and only SP of birds. 11,000 ducks and over 1,000 geese roosting in Plum Island National Wildlife Refuge, but agent reports that most stayed put as hunters ranged fence surrounding refuge and fired at everything in range and out. GDW should push EF of blacks and hunters into Cape Cod area, but only FG can be expected until end of month when weather hardens.

CONNECTICUT: SO Oct. 25 in GDW and OG. Estimated 4,000 broadbills now offshore between Guilford and New Haven. Likely spot off Branford. FF of blacks now at mouth of Connecticut and Housatonic rivers and OG as season progresses.

PENNSYLVANIA: SO Nov. 2 in Philadelphia Delaware and Bucks counties in Delaware River bordering those counties. OVG as Delco are only river in state up to normal water level. GF of pintails roosting along with blacks and mallards and EG expected OVG EG also in Pyramiding area, where EF of blacks, mallards, buffbreasts and hunters are moving through daily. OF only along Susquehanna River, which is so low that birds are bypassing it despite GDW.

NEW JERSEY: SO Nov. 2 and OVG in ducks and brant, built up steadily in coastal bays and reaches EF of brant in Barnegat Bay along with blacks, widgeons, pintails, greenwing teal, and bluebills. Excellent opening day prospects at 1,700-acre public shooting area of the Inland National Wildlife Refuge north of Atlantic City, where state has built 20 blinds to be utilized on a daily first-come, first-served basis. Snookwaters may also be used, and Captain Eugene Leeds, Leeds Point, Oyster Creek, will ferry sportmen from landing at Oyster Creek to ducking area. OF only in inland areas, such as Turkish and Egg Island public shooting grounds, which hardly need water. Turkish, nevertheless, will offer EG when water level rises to flood impoundment areas.

MARYLAND AND SO: Nov. 7 and OVG. Federal Game Agent Joseph Withers comments that there is "the best ground of feed on the Susquehanna Flats in many, many years." Three hurricanes in 1955 badly damaged celery grass crop in this

area, which is considered finest canvasback shooting area along the Atlantic Flyway. But Withers explains that stores also destroyed drove, choking grass, which for 20 years had been making inroads on celery. Celery grass now coming back strong and unchoked with EG expected for cane on opening day. Hackberries concentrating near Bay Bridge in Kent County, and last week state warden counted 5,000 feeding in fields along roads in that productive area.

NORTH CAROLINA: SO Nov. 7 and OVG for hunters, which are already infesting Currituck Island. GF of Canada also in Mattamuskeet Lake region, but don't expect peak there until late November. Then, Mattamuskeet shooting will rank with finest in nation.

LOUISIANA: SO Nov. 2 and OG, although doubtful in southwest of state where Hurricane Audrey flattened grass in marshes. Area once covered with grass 8 feet tall now lonesome after fall rains, and hunters can't find enough grass to build a blind. Agent not disturbed, however, as over-all state OG and coastal areas east and west of Audrey's path are in good condition and full of birds.

OHIO: GDW last week drove EF of mallards, blacks, buffbreasts, pintails, gadwalls and canvasbacks into Lake Erie marshes from Toledo eastward to Sandusky. With wood duck back on the legal list in Ohio, wildfowlers enjoyed EG with many limits reported. OVG as more GDW expected to step up duck and goose movements. Correspondent recommends Indians on Lake in Logan County, Rocky Fork Creek in Highland County and the Maumee River in Wood and Henry counties. EF all species should peak there by mid-November and OVG for sporting Blackeyes.

VIRGINIA: EF EG for geese and mallards and OVG as Conservation Officer Ward Garrett at Cumeo Bluffs tabs honker influx "surgeons . . . probably best goose hunting in 10 years, and the peak should be coming yet."

WISCONSIN: OVG for ducks and geese as still winds and cold from the north go under duck tails last week and guided EF into Wisconsin. Warmer weather forecast for this week should hold birds in the state. Particularly EF of mallards and canvasbacks reported in northwestern state areas and OVG EG OVG at Berrien Marsh, 37,000 hunters still there, and still close October 15 opening is above average at 1,314. Best limits Nov. 2 and 49, but all producing limits.

MICHIGAN: GDW last week sent down best flight of hunters in many seasons, but kill was light as gunners concentrated on pheasant. OVG, however, and EG for honkers can be had in western state stubble fields. Redhead flight now at peak in Mirey and Square bays and in Saginaw Bay from Fish Point to Sand Point. GF of canvasbacks now in Mirey, Thurler and Saginaw bays. GF of mallards reported the length of state from Munising Lake to Point Mousie, General OVG.

OKLAHOMA: GDW forecast and EF of redheads and mallards expected. SP mallards now in northern half of state at Great Salt Plains Reserve, Grand Lake and at Canton and Fort Gibson reservoirs. Cold weather prodding them down Cimarron and Arkansas rivers and OG as more birds will soon move.

NORTH DAKOTA: EG now for mallards in Valley City area, where floods have prevented corn and wheat harvest. Both ducks and gunners in paradise. EF EG also for geese with bites and snows in the east and canadas all over. Last week Advertising Manager Bob Downs of the Valley City Times-Retired downed two honkers.

continued

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FROM THE FLYWAYS

continued

found both wearing leg bands of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and one sporting a yellow plastic collar probably applied months before in the Hudson Bay area. OVG for mallards in other sections of state as potatoes are frozen and birds are rafting on larger bodies of water like reservoirs at Ashtabula, Devil's Lake, Jamestown and Garrison.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Some geese arriving in Chamberlain area and in Sand Lake area near Aberdeen, but so far Big Bay has not appeared and OF, IF, EG for mallards near Watertown, GF of pintails and OG.

NEBRASKA: GDW with snow last week brought first IF of ducks and geese into state. 50 flocks of *hundreds* reported north of Lincoln with one single numbering between 250 and 400 birds. Honkers also building up at Gavins Point on the Missouri River, along the Platte River and in the Fremont area. GF of snow and Hutchins' geese sighted near Columbus. EF of canvasbacks now in Alliance area and EF, EG mallards, bluebills and redheads in south-central portion of state; OVG.

UTAH: BW holding down bags at Great Salt Lake, but FF of pintails, widgeon and mallards expected to become EF with GDW which is predicted for this week.

IDAHOO: FG on Boise River and Lake Lowell last week with FF of mallards. EG, however, for geese on Boise and Snake rivers and in Lake Lowell area; OG.

CALIFORNIA: Tule and Klamath lakes refuges still offering GG for pintails and mallards, but goose kill is down from last year. To date 6,882 hunters have retired 14,092 ducks and 1,359 geese. Comparable period last season saw 5,671 wildfowlers bag 18,300 ducks and 6,345 geese. State managed shooting areas at Grizzly Island, Los Banos, San Luis wasteway and Mendota producing 3 to 4 birds per gun which is well above the 2-4rd average at Flinnery-Ramser and Hazard-Water areas in south of state. EF of pintails, mallards and teal, however, are general, but GDW needed to bring them into shotgun range.

OREGON: EF of honkers now in Lakeview area in southeastern Oregon. Last week Vic Matthews of Salem packed limit of three including a 14½-pounder. OVG, EG until F. Malheur public shooting grounds enjoying EF of canvasbacks, pintails, widgeon and teal and OVG as cold wave in Canadian prairie provokes pointers to send lagged birds winging south. Areas 1 and 3 at Malheur best for ease, and they are averaging 3½ pounds.

WASHINGTON: BW highlighting autumn in spite of EF ducks, GG, though, for mallards and pintails in Columbia River Basin grainfields and on Grays Harbor tidal flats. Honker population, building up in eastern Washington, but OG until GDW.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Lower mainland hunters enjoying GG as GDW brought GF of mallards, but main fight still to come. Evening production best bags. GF of snow geese moving into north of Thompson River area and GDW promises GG.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—drawings by Andy S.—John G. Zimmerman, 4—UP, INP, AP, 7—INP, 8—Norman Mowbray, INP, John G. Zimmerman, INP, 10—UP, 20, 21—Garry Wengert, Dan Morgan, Eugene, 22—INP, 23—A. H. Bunker, Eugene, Guy Mar, 24, 25—Norman Mowbray, 26—Norman Mowbray, 27—Norman Mowbray, 28—Norman Mowbray, 29—Norman Mowbray, 30—Norman Mowbray, 31—Norman Mowbray, 32—Norman Mowbray, 33—Norman Mowbray, 34, 35—John G. Zimmerman, 36, 37—Norman Mowbray, 38—UP, 39—UP, 40—UP, 41—UP, 42—UP, 43—UP, 44—UP, 45—UP, 46—UP, 47—UP, 48—UP, 49—UP, 50—UP, 51—UP, 52—UP, 53—UP, 54—UP, 55—UP, 56—UP, 57—UP, 58—UP, 59—UP, 60—UP, 61—UP, 62—UP, 63—UP, 64—UP, 65—UP, 66—UP, 67—UP, 68—UP, 69—UP, 70—UP, 71—UP, 72—UP, 73—UP, 74—UP, 75—UP, 76—UP, 77—UP, 78—UP, 79—UP, 80—UP, 81—UP, 82—UP, 83—UP, 84—UP, 85—UP, 86—UP, 87—UP, 88—UP, 89—UP, 90—UP, 91—UP, 92—UP, 93—UP, 94—UP, 95—UP, 96—UP, 97—UP, 98—UP, 99—UP, 100—UP.



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COMING EVENTS

NOV. 1—NOV. 10

■ TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO
All times E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Baseball

(Professional)

Cincinnati vs. St. Louis; Cincinnati
Sydney vs. Minneapolis; Syracuse.

Boxing

Spider Webb vs. Willie Hughes, middweight, 10 rds.,
Med. Sq. Casino, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

Racing

Grand National Championship Races, \$25,000, San Francisco (through Nov. 10)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Auto Racing

National SCCA Race, Palm Springs, Calif. (also Nov. 3)

Baseball

(Professional)

Boston vs. Syracuse; Boston
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis; Philadelphia,
St. Louis vs. Cincinnati; St. Louis

Boxing

Skopets Invitational Ocean Race, Annapolis, Md.

Football

Arkansas vs. Texas A&M, Fayetteville, Ark.
Army vs. Colgate, West Point, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. (NBC),
Colorado vs. Wisconsin, Boulder, Colo.
Georgia Tech vs. Duke, Atlanta
Kansas State vs. Oklahoma, Muskogee, Kan.
Michigan vs. Iowa, Ann Arbor, Mich., 1:35 p.m. (NBC),
Minnesota vs. Indiana, Bloomington
Mississippi vs. Houston (CB), Jackson, Miss.
North Carolina vs. Tennessee, Chapel Hill, N.C.
North Carolina State vs. Wake Forest, Raleigh, N.C.
Notre Dame vs. Navy, Notre Dame, Ind., 1:15 p.m. (NBC)
Ohio State vs. Northwestern, Columbus, Ohio
Oregon State vs. Washington State, Corvallis, Ore.
Pittsburgh vs. Spencer, Pittsburgh
SMU vs. Texas, Dallas
Stanford vs. Oregon, Stanford, Calif.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles
Wycombe vs. Michigan State, Madison, Wis.
Wyoming vs. A.F. Academy, Laramie, Wyo.

Golf

Ford Mustang vs. Ed Furgol, Phoenix, Ariz., 4 p.m. in
each time zone (ABC)

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal
New York, Boston, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 7:30 p.m. (CBS),
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto

Horse Racing

Garrett Fox Handicap, \$75,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m.,
Jamaica, N.Y.
Benjamin Franklin Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m.,
Garden State, N.J.
Mayflower Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 m. 30 yds.,
Saratoga Springs, Mass.
The Telford, \$28,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m. (start),
Lafayette, Md.
Rice City Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up (kisses &
mares), 1 m., Churchill Downs, Ky.

Hunt Racing

Virginia Fall Race Meeting, Middleburg, Va.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3

Auto Racing

USAC Midwest Races, Ohio, Calif.

Baseball

(Professional)

Boston vs. Syracuse, New York vs. Philadelphia, Mad.
Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Football

(Professional)

Baltimore vs. Pittsburgh, Baltimore (CBS)*
Chicago Cubs vs. Philadelphia, Chicago (CBS)*
Cleveland vs. Washington, Cleveland (CBS), Sports Net-
work (p. 1)*
Green Bay vs. New York, Green Bay, Wis. (CBS)*
Los Angeles vs. Chicago Bears, Los Angeles
San Francisco vs. Detroit, San Francisco (CBS)*

Hockey

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago
Boston vs. Detroit, Boston

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Boxing

Early Seady vs. Gene Ardreich, middweight, 10 rds.,
St. Nick's, N.Y., 10:30 p.m. (Dulles)

*See local listing

continued on page 19



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Illustrated: Forest Park, in red,
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COMING EVENTS

continued from page 14

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

Basketball

(Professional)
Detroit vs. Detroit St. Loon vs. Syracuse, St. Loon.
Cincinnati vs. Detroit, Cincinnati

Hockey

Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

Horse Show

National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, N.Y. (through Nov. 12)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Badminton

Pacific Southwest Tournament, Pasadena, Calif. (through Nov. 10)

Basketball

(Professional)
Minneapolis vs. Boston, Minneapolis

Boxing

Paul Massey vs. Alphonse Nolasco, bantamweight title bout, 15 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hockey

Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Basketball

(Professional)
Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal

Boxing

Florida State Sacking Race, Tampa to Ft. Myers, Fla.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

Basketball

(Professional)
Cincinnati vs. Boston, Cincinnati.
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pa.
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit

Boxing

Davey Moore vs. Jose Cardo, featherweight, 10 rds.,
Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

Florida State vs. Miami (N), Tallahassee, Fla.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Auto Racing

National SCCA Road Race, Ft. Ord, Calif. (also Nov. 18)

Basketball

(Professional)
St. Loon vs. Philadelphia, St. Loon

Football

Army vs. Utah, West Point, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. (NBC).

Boston vs. Boston College, Boston

California vs. Oregon State, Berkeley, Calif.

Colorado State vs. Colorado St., College Colo.

Columbia vs. State College, New York

Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, Mass.

Illinois vs. Michigan, Champaign, Ill.

Iowa vs. Minnesota, Iowa City, Iowa

Kansas vs. Kansas State, Lawrence, Kan.

Michigan State vs. Notre Dame, East Lansing, Mich., 1:30 p.m. (NBC)

Mississippi vs. LSU, University, Miss.

Missouri vs. Oklahoma, Columbia, Mo.

Navy vs. Duke, Bethlehem

North Carolina vs. South Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C.

Ohio State vs. Purdue, Columbus, Ohio

Oregon vs. Washington (N), Portland, Ore.

Penn. vs. Yale, Philadelphia

Texas vs. Baylor, Austin, Texas

Texas A&M vs. SMU (N), College Station, Texas.

Washington State vs. UCLA, Spokane

Washburn State vs. UCLA, Spokane

Wichita State vs. Wichita, Wichita, Kan.

Wisconsin vs. Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Wyoming vs. Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.

Yale vs. Yale, New Haven, Conn.

Zips vs. Zips, Zips, Zips

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Football

(Professional)

Washington vs. Baltimore, Washington (CBS)*

New York vs. Chicago, New York (CBS)*

Philadelphia vs. Detroit, Philadelphia (CBS)*

Chicago Bears vs. Green Bay, Chicago (CBS)*

Cleveland vs. Pittsburgh, Cleveland (CBS, Sports Net-
work, Inc.)*

Los Angeles vs. San Francisco, Los Angeles (CBS)*

*See local listing



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soft you can fold it up.

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FALL MAONESS HITS NORTH CAROLINA STATE CHEERLEADER, WHO WHOOPS AS STATE ROLLS AGAINST FAVORED DUKE FOR 14-14 TIE

CHILLER: a snowstorm made bench-warming difficult for Iowa subs, but first team heated up enough to nick Northwestern 6-0.



DRUMMED OUT: Harvard handmen used instruments to prevent Dartmouth swiping huge drum. But Harvard lost game 26-0.



NOW IN NOVEMBER

Already the collegiate football season was half over. Whole teams had been downed by Asian flu, and as usual there had been the injuries—serious and temporary—to key players. Still, the big news was that no one recalled a year when the form chart suffered so many bruises. Last week—football's sixth—was no exception as such top dogs as Oklahoma, Michigan State, Duke and Iowa barely escaped with their hides, while Mississippi and Syracuse, among others, left the temple of the unbent.

ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

ARMY	NOTRE DAME
AUBURN	OHIO STATE
DUKE	OKLAHOMA
IOWA	OREGON
MICHIGAN STATE	TEXAS A & M
NORTH CAROLINA STATE	

BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENTS

BAYLOR	OREGON STATE
BROWN	PENN STATE
CLEMSON	PITTSBURGH
GEORGIA TECH	SOUTH CAROLINA
MINNESOTA	TENNESSEE
NORTHWESTERN	

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

BEST ALL-ROUND BACK: John Crow, Texas A & M
BEST ALL-ROUND LINEMAN: Alex Korman, Iowa
TOTAL OFFENSE LEADER: Bob Whitson, Utah State, 610 yards
LEADING GROUND-GAINER: Bob Stronksy, Colorado, 600 yards
LEADING PASSER: Bill Baker, Furman, 70 of 115
LEADING PASS RECEIVER: Gary Kepp, Utah State, 70 for 464 yards
LEADING PUNTER: Dave Sharer, SMU, 45 yards per kick
LEADING SCORER: Jimmy Taylor, Louisiana State, 82
LONGEST RUN FROM SCRIMMAGE: Ed Dave, Colorado, 90 yards

TEAM PERFORMANCES

TOTAL OFFENSE LEADER: Arizona State, 431.6 yards per game
RUSHING LEADER: University of Mississippi, 226.0 yards per game
PASSING LEADER: Utah, 171.8 yards per game
TOTAL DEFENSE LEADER: Auburn, 147.4 yards per game
PASS DEFENSE LEADER: Georgia Tech, 34.0 yards per game
GROUND DEFENSE LEADER: Iowa, 58.2 yards per game

BOWL PROSPECTS

Because of rules forbidding two consecutive bowl appearances by the same team and because of NCAA penalties, some of the best teams are ineligible to compete in bowl games. Here are the most likely bowl opponents with conference records.

ROSE BOWL: Ohio State (3-0) vs. Oregon (4-0)
COTTON BOWL: Texas A & M (3-0) vs. Army
SUGAR BOWL: Auburn (3-0) vs. Mississippi (3-0)
ORANGE BOWL: Oklahoma (3-0) vs. Duke (4-0-1)

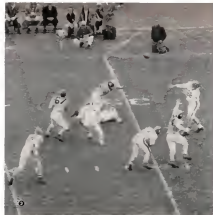


PERFECT PLAY . . .

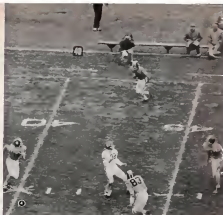
Nebra-lin, during the first quarter of its 14-14 loss to Missouri, was caught in a sequence of pictures showing how to run the perfect pass play. Cornhuskers had ball on their 41-yard line and

started from their split-T formation. Tigers were defending them with a husky 4-4-3—almost an eight-man line as three linebackers plugged up the middle a step or so from scrimmage and corner back (35) moved up alongside his right end. As Quarterback Roy Stinner (22) took the ball from center he moved to his right, faking a handoff to Fullback Jerry Brown (35). Line-backer





Don Chadwick (66), smelling the direction of the play, beckons toward the possible hole. Meanwhile, the two Nebraska ends, Michael Lee (82) and Roger Brede (83), are momentarily checked by the defensive ends, Dale Fidecock (86) and Bill McKinney (83). The key to the play at this point is that no Nebraska linemen except the ends have moved downfield, so a pass must be brewing.



Yet, all but three Missouri defenders went for the fake run, leaving Stinnett with ample protection as he faded back to throw. Ends Lee and Brede were now downfield, with Lee in the clear, free of Missouri's three deep men (21, 35 and 10) and retreating End McKinney. He saw the pass coming and stopped, **BUT...**



the pass was too long, falling into hands of Don Mason (10), Missouri, whose momentum carried him past Lee, and as interference quickly formed he returned him to Nebraska 46-yard line.

REVIVED: John Crow (44), Texas A&M's great half-back now recovered from early knee injury, leads them to 14-0 win over Baylor by taking pitchout for 16-yard gain to Baylor 3.

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JERRY COOKE

Homecoming weekend is that exclamation mark in the college calendar that once a year brings the old grad back to the campus to hobnob with the undergrad and rediscover that all is well at alma mater. This is particularly true on the campuses of the Big Ten where all the fervor of midwestern football—as caught in the faces of the Michigan rooters on the opposite page at last year's Minnesota game—is added to such pregame and postgame homecoming skylarks and parties as those pictured on the pages following. It was on that same day last year, incidentally, that Bobby Cox (below) first showed the talents that marked him as a coming All-American.



COX LISTENS TO BOBBY AND TEAMMATE FRANK YOUSO TALK FOOTBALL

THE BOY GREW UP

by ROY TERRELL

Bobby Cox, Minnesota's dashing quarterback, started life as a problem child. Happily, it doesn't show now

THE CASUAL VISITOR wandering into Cooke Hall, a vast red brick building which houses the athletic department at the University of Minnesota, may be pardoned if his first impulse is to turn and run. For there, glaring down from the walls, is a great host of distressingly muscular and determined-looking young men. Actually they are not dangerous at all—at least not any more. They are the Gopher athletic heroes of years gone by.

There is a scattering of discus throwers and forwards and infielders and goalies and even an occasional wres-

tler with his biceps flexed and his stomach sticking out. But most of the big portraits are of football players. Row after row, they extend toward infinity, the fullbacks, guards, centers, tackles, ends and halfbacks who have carved the tradition of mighty Minnesota on football fields across the land. Here you will find all the famous names: Herb Joesting, Pug Lund, George Franck, Bruce Smith, Paul Giel, and the great linemen, Widseth, Tonnemaker, Nemeleini, Wildung, Munn, and a scowling giant named Nagurski.

If you walk far enough, around a

corner and down a long hall on the second floor, and look at enough pictures, eventually you come to the portrait of a pleasant-faced fellow in a turtle-neck sweater, a beat-up pair of old cleated shoes and a ratty-looking set of mole-skin pants. The name plate says John McGovern, All-America Quarterback, 1909. You may also discover standing in front of the picture a rather handsome young man with curly black hair, brown eyes, muscular shoulders and a determined look of his own. He has no name plate but he is Robert Lafayette

continued on page 62





Annual Mud Bowl touch tackle game (above), played on the firm lawn of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, draws a good early-morning crowd and a campus wag (left) whose placard and getup won him honorable mention in the Bowl's all-male queen contest. Best men's display (opposite) was Lambda Chi Alpha's fiery MINNESOTA DOESN'T HAVE A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN —





The day at Ann Arbor ends with a semiformal Homecoming Dance held in the huge gymnasium of the Intramural Building

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

GENERAL O'MALLEY LOOKS OVER HIS TERRAIN • THE NEW,
QUIET ARAGON • MOSCOW: THE DEVIL RIDES THE HARNESS
TRACK • WANDERER FROM SIAM • JOLLY ROGER IS BACK

THINGS TO COME

A CONVAIR with a six-foot-high baseball painted on its side came rumbling out of the deep purple haze of early evening over Los Angeles' International Airport. Barely had it landed when baseball's No. 1 spare traveler, Walter O'Malley of Brooklyn, scrambled from his seat, hustled to the doorway and stood blinking in the glare of television lights and flash bulbs. As he did so, a roar went up from several thousand throats. Two bands tried manfully to drown each other out in rendering *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Photographers bellowed and cameras ground. Los Angeles, it seemed obvious, was O'Malley's. O'Malley flung wide his arms and beamed.

Everything that happened in the next few days seemed to confirm O'Malley's stage sense. O'Malley said the 1958 Dodgers would do okay, and the airport crowd cheered. O'Malley discussed indemnity payments to the Pacific Coast League with PCL President Leslie O'Connor, and the press applauded his fair-mindedness (although no one seemed to know what agreement, if any, had been reached). O'Malley visited the city council, and three councilmen who had opposed the Dodger move to Chavez Ravine turned up wearing "Welcome, Dodgers" neckties.

But it was when O'Malley toured the Los Angeles Coliseum that the logic of major league baseball's move to the Coast seemed most happily evident. It will take until 1959 to build the new Los Angeles Dodgers ball park in Chavez Ravine. Meanwhile, O'Malley indicated, the Dodgers may have to get along with such existing facilities as the Coliseum. Now, critics may sniff at the Coliseum's potential foul lines (shortest in the majors), but it is hard to sniff at the likelihood that when the Dodgers

open the season on April 15, approximately 100,000 fans will be on hand to cheer them on.

Walter O'Malley, all smiles, had the look of a man who knew his new bride was rich, faithful and could cook.

HUMILITY IN CALIFORNIA

THE CALIFORNIA Golden Boy, welterweight Art Aragon, was convicted last March of bribing an opponent to take a dive and was sentenced to jail. Out on appeal after a shattering night in the lockup, Aragon seemed to have undergone a remarkable personality change. Hitherto more brassy than golden, he seemed to have lost his facility for the irreverent wisecrack. Now the Golden Boy seemed to be trying to think before he spoke. He started to say something to reporters, then cut himself off.

"No, that would be flip," he said.

"That's what got me into trouble. I got tried for being flip."

A California appeals court reversed Aragon's conviction last week, not because it necessarily believed him innocent but because the results of a lie detector test (which Aragon flunked) had been improperly introduced in evidence and because it felt the trial judge's instructions to the jury had been prejudicial.

The old-style Aragon would have greeted this reversal with a sassily triumphant wisecrack. But the new Aragon said gratefully, "I've never felt so humble." He may even have meant it. The past year was one of adversity.

Now Aragon wants to return to the ring. There are two hurdles in his path. The district attorney may decide to retry the case. The California boxing commission, noting that Texas suspended Aragon after being persuaded

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• The Trials of Tatum

Coach Jim Tatum has had a rough row to hoe since he returned to North Carolina, his football teams losing nine of 16 games, but last week he was really in the tall weeds as a result of dismissing three athletes for "conduct not becoming football players." The student paper promptly denounced him for "worse than Machiavellian tactics." Moaned Tatum in reply: "They just don't want football here."

• Filling the Vacuum Tube

Their Dodgers and Giants are gone, but New Yorkers will, most likely, still be able to watch the miniature version of the National League game on the TV screen. The Phillies are about to close a deal with WOR-TV to telecast 78 games to New York next season.

• Ostaff Basketball in Rio

The U.S. won the World Women's Basketball Championship at Rio de Janeiro, defeating Russia 51-45 after both teams had reached the finals unbeaten. The U.S. squad was drawn from girls at Iowa Wesleyan and Nashville Business College.

• Near East Olympics

With Egypt a notable absentee, Lebanon had an easy time winning the Second Pan-Arab Games, which were contested for two weeks among nine Near East nations in Beirut's new Camille Chamoun Sport City. Lebanon won 31 gold medals to runner-up Tunisia's 24.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

that he did indeed offer a bribe there, may choose to honor a sister commission's verdict and refuse him a California license.

If Aragon gets past these hurdles he will have good reason to feel humble. He will have good reason to turn his back on such cronies as Babe McCoy, the fence who became a matchmaker-fixer, and Frankie Carbo, the Murder, Inc. killer who became boxing's underworld lord. He might even learn to take a sporting chance in the ring and not try to insure his bets.

A WORD TO THE WISE GUYS

THE SMALL LESSON Art Aragon may or may not have learned from his experience with dirty business and the courts can be extended to cover the whole field of boxing and, in fact, of all sport. It is a commonplace defense of boxing's dirty business that the sport traditionally attracts rough and ready types, rough in their ethics and ready for any kind of crookedness. Hence it is considered no great fault in a boxing man that he may from time to time have a cup of coffee with a Frankie Carbo. This is, in fact, the everyday defense of a Mugsy Taylor (recently reinstated as a Philadelphia promoter) or a James D. Norris (currently our leading promoter). Boxing commissions affect, as a matter of course, to accept the defense as a valid one, though many commission members are lawyers and all are presumed to be intelligent.

But every so often he who runs may read in the headlines of such events as the pistol impeachment of Albert (christened Umberto and known as Boom-Boom) Anastasia, who was murdered last week in a New York barbershop. The Anastasia murder makes it apparent that it is no less than indiscreet for a Norris or a Taylor, or any other entrepreneur of a sport that makes a pretense of decency, to keep company with mobsters. All sports in which gambling is an important factor, except boxing, make at least some earnest effort to keep the mobsters out. If not out, at least inconspicuous.

It is significant, therefore, that the New York police, investigating the murder of the man who directed murder for Murder, Inc., turned immediately to the questioning of men who were associated both with Anastasia, who was very high in the modern version of the Mafia, and with boxing

men. It is significant that the name of Frankie Carbo, Public Enemy No. 1 of decent boxing, popped instantly into the headlines. Norris and Taylor and Carbo have known each other for a score of years. Carbo, indeed, used to work for Anastasia as a kind of lethal clerk or errand boy.

Last week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reported the kind of company Mugsy Taylor keeps. Twelve names of gangsters, all nationally notorious, were mentioned as admitted friends of Taylor, who is now once more licensed to promote boxing in Pennsylvania. This week, when Anastasia was murdered, the police questioned two of them—Frank Costello and Little Augie Pissano. Most of the others are now dead.

Mugsy Taylor, who used to send Christmas cards to Al Capone and began his sporting career as an Atlantic City stealer for a gambling joint, will very shortly take his place once more as the most distinguished of Pennsylvania boxing promoters. He will very likely, as in the past, have his name sounded in your living room by a television announcer as the honored associate of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) in the promotion of a big fight.

A TIP ON NIKOV

A PROPER RUSSIAN named Grigori Gogoberidze has been lurking about Moscow's harness racing track, the Hippodrome, and has found it a slough of bourgeois immorality. Writing in *Sovetskaya Kultura*, the organ of the Ministry of Culture, Gogoberidze wields an abolitionist's ax at the tote board, which he considers the engine of racing's evils. He envisions instead a more seemly time when the Hippodrome will "be filled with genuine admirers of horses whose interests have nothing in common with betting." But he finds that the Ministry



of Agriculture, which supervises breeding and racing, does not think it "expedient" to abolish pari-mutuel betting at present. "Why?" cries Gogo. "Profit!" he replies, darkly.

Gogo's description of the Russian racing scene has the quality of a Hogarth etching. "Drawn by a sick passion," he writes, "by the temptation of quick and easy gain," the betters cajole the drivers in an effort to get them

to disclose the next fix; phony Usters prow the grandstand, touting a different horse to each innocent and collecting commissions from the winners. The races rob youth of time as well as money, impoverishing some to such an extent that they turn to crime. He passionately inquires, brandishing a sheaf of tearful letters, how many become drunks at the track bars, how many lose their wives and jobs.

But perhaps the high, ruinous times at the Hippodrome are not quite as Gogo depicts them. He mounts his soap box in the name of culture, but there is an intimation that he might be, after all, only a disgruntled two-ruble bettor. "Before you bet on Nikov," Gogo warns his readers bitterly, "first find out if he is drunk or sober."

AUTUMN JUNGLE QUEEN

FOR good, wholesome community entertainment—safer than a bonfire, cheaper than a carnival—you can't beat a runaway elephant. At least it has worked out that way around Windham, N.Y., where a 2½-ton, 13-year-old female elephant named Siam (see page 33) ran away from home on October 16 and threw two whole counties into a delighted uproar.

Windham lies in the Catskill Mountains, which probably offer the best terrain in the United States for a circus elephant to live in quietly, temporarily retired from public life. There are roots and berries and all sorts of leaves, which elephants love. There is plenty of water. The mountains are just the right size—too high for people, no trouble at all for elephants. If Siam spotted a posse laboring up the slope toward her, she could be three valleys away by the time the men had covered a few hundred yards. ("She doesn't run, she walks," said one searcher wearily. "But man, she takes awfully long steps.")

Hundreds of people, including housewives, journalists, state troopers and schoolchildren, took to the hills to find Siam. On sunny days the woods have throbbed with search parties, and overhead a farm machinery dealer named Virgil Phinney skimmed the ridges, flying low in his Piper Cub. Whenever he spotted Siam he threw out a roll of toilet paper as a signal to the hunters on the ground. As the long streamer writhed through the autumn air, various groups converged slowly on the spot beneath it. Sometimes they just found each other; but sometimes they found Siam. When this happened

continued



"By the way, what's your blood type?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

nobody seemed to know what to do except watch as the elephant strolled away again over the mountains.

Mr. Phinney logged some 15 hours of flying time in his search for Siam, and probably spotted her more often than anyone else. He reports her liberty look as a fit and happy one. "You should see her slide down a mountain-side. If the bushes aren't too big, she just sits down on that big, broad bottom and scoots down the slope, using her forefeet as brakes."

Siam ran away in the first place because some galloping horses frightened her. She was being led to water (along with two other cow elephants named Delhi and Bombay) by her trainer, Alfred Vidbel. Mr. Vidbel and his wife, Joyce, had settled down on a Catskill farm to train the elephants through the winter. In the summer, they travel with a circus. The Vidbels are practically the only people who took their elephant hunting seriously. Siam belongs to the circus, not to the Vidbels, and she is valued at \$12,000.

"We have a phonograph record with the call of a bull elephant on one side and a hippopotamus roar on the other," said Mr. Vidbel. "So we drove a sound truck up a mountain road and played the elephant call, but we got no answer."

"Then I loaded Delhi and Bombay on their trailer and hauled them into the woods. I was sure that if Siam heard them squealing and snorting, she'd come. But no matter what I did, I couldn't get a sound out of them. They clammed up on me."

Mr. and Mrs. Vidbel have spent their days in the mountains, carrying a rope and following Siam's enormous tracks. Their hope has been to get one end of the rope around the elephant's leg and the other around a sturdy tree. Once they got Siam stalled down, they believed, they could lead her home with an elephant hook.

Sometimes, as the Vidbels climbed the slopes last week, Virgil Phinney sailed over them in his Piper Cub, throttled down the engine and shouted a word of encouragement or guidance. On the ground they were apt to encounter an impromptu safari, its members carrying such odd equipment—for an elephant hunt—as a .22 rifle, bird-watching glasses and a picnic lunch.

Siam has knocked over a few stone fences in her wanderings—her tendency is to walk through them instead of stepping over—but aside from that she

hasn't done much damage. More than one farm wife has glanced out her kitchen window and seen the elephant pass harmlessly down the lane and out of sight.

When, on the 13th day of her freedom, Siam ventured down from the cold Catskill heights and was finally made secure, with the help of a chain, by Mr. Vidbel and others, Vidbel's expectation was confirmed: knowing Siam, he was pretty sure she would eventually grow tired of roots and berries and even freedom and would be heading home again to a good meal of grain, hay, carrots and potatoes.

MISSING SERENITY

Nothing in the sedate world of cruising yachtsmen is more carefully hedged with legality and circumspection than the charter of one's own boat—even to a close friend. Terry Jaeger, advertising director for Kennecott Copper, member in good standing of the New York Yacht Club and owner of the 52-foot schooner *Serenie* out of New York, is a careful and traditional yachtsman. He rented out his lovely teak-planked ship for a fortnight or so last August to Joseph Schmitz of Chicago with all the formalities that were due, including the approval of the broker, inspection of Mr. Schmitz's merchant marine master's license, a personal chat with Schmitz and a sailor-to-sailor shake to seal the bargain. Jaeger and Schmitz are not likely to be as intimate again. *Serenie* (see opposite page) is now weeks overdue and presumably far at sea.

The Coast Guard issued *Serenie* didn't sink offshore—they'd have found wreckage by now—and Jaeger is equally certain she didn't sink at sea. "*Serenie* is a stout ship. They could lock themselves below and she'd sail them around the world," he said positively. Indeed,



LETTERMEN

Our plays win on the blackboard,
No scribbles are our rule;
We beat our foes by air mail
In Correspondence School.

—IRVIN L. STEIN

Jaeger is beginning to believe that he may be the victim of a thing rare in the 20th century. "I think it may be piracy," says Jaeger, whose personal serenity is understandably missing. "I've been talking to an admiralty lawyer and he thinks that that's what it might be. Anyway, we're looking it up. He says he can't remember ever having run across a case."

"The penalty for piracy," Jaeger adds, with a hint of satisfaction, "is death."

FANTAIL FISHERMEN

A SEAFARING MAN strolled into a sporting goods store near the Baltimore waterfront a few days ago and asked, in the most matter of fact tones, for a couple of pieces of unusual fishing equipment: some 600-pound test line and 500-pound test leader. "You going after whales?" asked the clerk, a little uncertainly. "If they'll bite," said the sailor. He wasn't kidding, and his request was not quite as unusual as it sounded. Steamboats were not made for fishing, but a real fisherman will not quit trying just because he is on a steamboat or because his mates feel (as most of them do) that he is "nuts—real nuts." There are few sporting goods stores that do not get occasional visits from sailors wistfully bent on curious equipment.

Past ships tend to make bad fishing platforms; thus fishing sailors tend to ship on 12-knot freighters or plodding tankers. In essence, their method is simplicity itself—they just hang a fish line off the stern, check it from time to time, and hope.

For small fish, heavy butcher's cord will sometimes suffice—the line is made fast to a bitt and a slipknot tied in it farther along as a strike indicator. Some sailors, however, go for bigger game—sharks and barracuda—and one school of thought uses metal cable or chain for line and incorporates an automobile shock absorber into it to take up the jolt of big fish striking against the ship's speed.

An Alcoa executive reports that seamen in the company fleet have a rude but ingenious method of tiring big fish, which are not easy to get aboard a moving steamship—they attach a keg of nails to the line, throw it overboard, and let the fish "battle against that for a while."

The most common lure for steamship fishing: a piece of towel or canvas hung on a No. 12 hook. The lure regarded as a certain fish getter: a clergyman's collar.

VAGABONDIA SEASON IS HERE

A dinghy sailor responds to a hail with the tip of a silken top hat . . . a girl elephant named Siam sets off for a wandering week or two in the free air of the Catskills . . . the Coast Guard and the FBI join in serious inquiries as to the course and whereabouts of the graceful, 52-foot (and missing) schooner *Serenie*. These, as well as the shooting season, were some of the manifestations of autumn in the U.S. as the crisp seasonal air had its immemorial effect upon man and beast. In short, the fall vagabondia season was here.



DEBONAIR SAILOR Barney Compton Jr., a TV tune salesman, sails his eight-foot dinghy up a Rowayton, Conn. tidal creek in a local annual invitation dinghy regatta, a resumed, thoroughly irregular affair which closes a season of proper boating on Long Island Sound.

FOOTLOOSE ELEPHANT Siam, pictured here three years ago with Trainer Alfred Vöbel, his wife Joyce and daughter Sharon, serenely plodded over hill and dale for 13 days, eluding poses of weary volunteer elephant hunters after her escape from a Windham, N.Y. farm.



MISSING SCHOONER *Serenie* was chartered in New York by a crew of Chicago awning salesmen, who hoisted sail and—in calm seas—disappeared. Last week, two months after her charter was up, authorities were still baffled.

SO HE TOOK THE



EIGHT SETS OF VISIBLE TEETH ATTEST THE JOYOUS ATMOSPHERE IN WINNER'S CIRCLE AS NEW JERSEY GOVERNOR ROBERT B. MEYNER

AND

OTHERS TOOK THEIRS TOO . . .

With their hopes high and their Thoroughbreds in fine fettle as they snorted in the brisk New Jersey air, 12 anxious owners descended on Garden State race track last Saturday to watch their horses go after a share of the year's richest purse—the \$277,150 Garden State for 2-year-olds at a mile and a sixteenth. The owners were a diversified lot, ranging from a housewife to a boot manufacturer. But the majority, appropriately enough, were farmers of one sort or another, and to the farmers went all the chips. The biggest chip of all, worth \$155,047.50, went to Kentucky Breeder Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock, whose temperamental Nadir took command midway in the race and, under a superlative ride by Willie Hartack, got home two lengths in front. As the field went into the tight first turn with Nadir in good position astern of pacesetters Yemen and Muscle Man Fox, Owner-breeder Hancock leapt on top of his seat and began a steady yell which was climaxed only when, with victory nearly assured, he gave out with one final Bull-like "Come on, Bill!" and then toppled neatly off his chair into the mercous arms of Trainer Moody Jolley. "What a wonderful day for you," said New Jersey's Governor Robert B. Meyner. "Yep," said Hancock, "for a little old country boy, I reckon I did all right today."

THE TOBACCO FARMER: \$55,430



R. DOUGLAS PREMITT paid a \$10,000 supplementary nomination fee for Terra Firma and watched his big gamble pay dividends.

\$155,047.50

Kentucky Breeder A. B. Hancock collected top money (SI, Oct. 28) and the cup when Hartack won the Garden State with Nadir



(LEFT) PRESENTS TROPHY TO HANCOCK



NADIR'S GREAT RUN GAVE HARTACK NEW RECORD OF 41 STAKES WINS IN ONE SEASON

THE RACING EXEC: \$36,572.50



WILLIAM DUPONT JR.'s Rose Trellis, another supplementary entry, was closing fast on the leaders at the finish.

THE TRUCK FARMER: \$13,857.50



MRS. ANNA CANNULI's Chance It Tony, named for husband Anthony, was long shot who came up from eighth to edge favored Misty Flight.

WOMEN MAKE IT

Another masculine retreat falls as two ladies with unladylike shotguns invade a Minnesota duck camp

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHAY



PREPARING FOR BIG WEEKEND. Drs. Donald McCormack (left), William Jefferies and George Garske unload their hunting gear from station wagon at doctors' duck camp.



ANTICIPATING BIG APPETITES. Hunting-obsessed Dr. Leonard A. Lang twiddles with bacon and eggs in gas-lit bachelor kitchen of two-room hunting camp on Lake Christine.

DELIGHTED DOCTOR. Urologist George Garske, beams on lady interloper, wife Beth, as happy hunters walk through autumn foliage to duck blinds on nearby pond between Lake Christine and Lake Inwa.

On northwest Minnesota's land of lakes and ducks a detail of doctors descends each autumn weekend, leaving behind duties, dilemmas and doting wives. At least, this has always been recommended hunting procedure since these Minneapolis men of medicine and surgery founded their bachelor retreat outside of Melby. But in hunting, as in medicine, procedures often change—and in the good doctors of duckology discerned this season. A lady slipped through



the firing line. Not, of course, without extraneous circumstances. One of the doctors invited *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to sample some really fine Minnesota waterfowl shooting. He didn't reckon that Virginia Kraft, lady reporter and Nimrod (see page 71), would accept the invitation. And where there is one lady, said the doctor's wife, why not another? Armed with shotguns, both ladies arrived, had some fine shooting and—triumph—were warmly invited back.



DELIVERING THE BIRD. Dr. Richard Tucker's 3-year-old black Lab, Pirate, splashes out of wintry water with a downed bluewing teal and hearty approval of his master.



INSPECTING THE BAG. Minnesota Game Wardens Fred Johnson (right) and Otto Trick are shown doctors' morning harvest by Carl Tucker (left), father of club member.

THIS VINTAGE

by JEREMIAH TAX

The Boston Celtics, with their superb combination of youth and veteran skills, are but one herald of a spectacular NBA season

BACK IN 1946, the owners of the American Hockey League were looking around for some kind of attraction to put into their arenas on the nights they were dark. Someone suggested professional basketball. There were no better ideas around, so a league was formed, and Maurice Podoloff, already president of the hockey group, a New Haven bank and the New Haven Arena, was installed as its head. That first season the Boston team grossed \$58,000. Last season the Boston Celtics of the National Basketball Association took in \$516,000 at the gate for 34 home games, to which are to be added television, radio and concession fees. The difference in the numbers after those two dollar signs is the story of professional basketball.

Today, the presidency of the pro basketball league is a full-time job, still held by Podoloff, a cheerful, roly-poly

67-year-old who drifted into sports via the law and real estate after working his way through Yale (class of 1913) principally by playing the clarinet in a band. Now it's true, of course, that people pay to watch basketball (and any sport) because they like the game and the players, not because of the charm or good works, if any, of the men who own the teams or direct their destinies. But if fans pay to watch Bob Cousy, they are able to—in large measure—because of Maurice Podoloff. Using little of his legal, banking or musician's background, but a great deal of his native talent for diplomacy, Podoloff held the new league together through early years of factional strife when it often threatened to fly apart, and promoted it shrewdly to its present eminence. He has seen his efforts pay off with an eight-team, two-division NBA which has helped raise the sport to major league status—along with baseball and football. Only eight years ago, the Chicago and St. Louis franchises, complete with player contracts, were bought for \$30,000 apiece. Last season a cash bid of \$200,000 for a last-place team was turned down.

This demand for franchises is, oddly, both a source of strength to the league and a serious problem. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington and several other cities capable of supporting major league basketball have indicated interest in joining the NBA. But how to organize teams for these cities—for even one of them—has yet to be worked out. The level of play among the pros is so high today that even were Chicago allowed to start a team with the 10 top draft choices in any year, this collection of All-Americans would almost surely finish in last place for several seasons in a row—hardly a happy way to begin. It's been proposed that the new team be permitted to draft one or two players

from each of today's clubs, so it can start with suitable strength, but anyone who can visualize St. Louis Owner Ben Kerner, for example, parting with Bob Pettit or Cliff Hagan is truly a dreamer. It is Podoloff's opinion that the NBA clubs of the future will have to come from minor league farm teams, and he is planning now for the selecting up of such a junior group.

The chief reason for the widespread interest in NBA franchises is the great success of NBC's network presentation each Saturday afternoon of the TV Game of the Week, now in its fourth season. The pro game, with its lightning-fast, no-stalling action performed by the world's best players, has been a revelation to fans in every new city brought in by the coaxial cable. And all of the innovations which enriched basketball's spectator appeal—the 24-second rule, the six-fouls-per-quarter limit, the ban on actless-crippling zone defenses—were measures sponsored by

ALL-STAR Bob Cousy receives outstanding player award from NBA President Podoloff.



TV GAME OF THE WEEK

All games are Saturday afternoon. Schedule is subject to later revision by NBC network.

- Dec. 14—New York at St. Louis
- Dec. 21—Minneapolis at Boston
- Jan. 4—Philadelphia at Detroit
- Jan. 11—Syracuse at Cincinnati
- Jan. 18—Detroit at St. Louis
- Jan. 25—Minneapolis at New York
- Feb. 1—Syracuse at Minneapolis
- Feb. 8—St. Louis at Syracuse
- Feb. 15—Boston at Philadelphia
- Feb. 22—Syracuse at New York
- March 1—Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, at Camden, N.J.
- March 8—Detroit at Boston

YEAR

Podoloff, often against opposition from many club owners. Today, the thinking of the pros on these and other aspects of the game has filtered down to the colleges, another indication of the NBA's leadership in the field.

There are a number of reasons why the current season, which began last week and runs through the playoffs in early April, promises even better entertainment than last year, when the Western Division finished with a triple tie for first place. The return of Tom Gola to Philadelphia and Frank Selvy to St. Louis will give many fans the chance to see these two remarkable athletes for the first time. The shift of two franchises to Detroit and Cincinnati—where they will play in 15,000-seat stadiums before fresh audiences—should inspire both home and visiting teams to peak performances.

But for the true sports enthusiast, regardless of which game or activity is tops on his list, there is the matchless opportunity this year of seeing one of the alltime great combinations in basketball playing together for a full season. The 1957-58 Boston Celtics can be compared to the Brooklyn Dodgers of 1955—a vintage year in which, perhaps for the last time, their older stars will be at their peak and the younger men will have had enough experience to function in perfect rapport with these highly skilled veterans. A Pee Wee Reese could never make a thing of beauty and efficiency of the double play without a second baseman who could move, field and throw with him. It is the same with the Celtics' superb backcourt of Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman. For Cousy especially it is mandatory that the other players on the floor with him be thoroughly familiar with his style, gaisted to his speed and somewhat prepared for his fakes and feints. Even then, the best of Cousy's supporting cast is often left far behind and reduced to the role of spectator as he fools all nine other men on the court en route to a score. No less a seasoned player than Slater Martin, in his own right a fine ball handler and playmaker, has remarked that one of the difficulties in playing against Cousy is to



SEASON'S OPENING GAME sees the Celtics repeat their April playoff victory over the St. Louis Hawks 115-90, as Bill Russell (6) continues his mastery under the boards.

resist the temptation to stand around and watch him perform his magic with a basketball. This year, Cousy has his reliable sidekick, Sharman; he has Bill Russell and Jim Loscutt to get the ball to him after the other team misses a shot; and he has Tommy Heinsohn, with a year of pro ball under his belt, to trail him upcourt on the fast break. The visual impact of this brilliant, explosive Boston maneuver can only be compared in grace, power and precision to the sight of a halfback like Hugh McElhenney sweeping around end behind a convoy of blockers. This is the year for anyone with a claim to appreciation of athletic skill to see Coach Red Auerbach's Celtics in action.

If there is a cloud on the NBA's ex-

panding, happy horizon, it is the growing tendency toward roughhouse tactics among teams which are so evenly matched that a well-timed elbow or knee can often swing the tide to victory. Few will find fault with the sharp clash of shoulders and hips inevitable when men are battling for position under the boards or setting up a screen or a pick. It is the sneak grab of an opponent's pants, the needless passing push, the wrestling-style hauling and tagging that demean the game and the player who does them. The pros are now being watched and copied by aspiring youngsters all over the country. They are setting a standard not only of skill but of conduct, and they should live up to the challenge.

**SEE PAGES 48-51 FOR SCOUTING REPORTS
AND RATINGS OF ALL EIGHT PRO TEAMS**

A Boat for a Bride

The most talked-about design off Bill Garden's drawing board is the unorthodox 'Oceanus,' built to lure his new wife to sea

by MORT LUND

THE LONG, COMFORTABLE HULL shown opposite, reflecting a Seattle sunset, is the unique *Oceanus*, a yacht that has caused more talk among West Coast sailors than a Honolulu race winner. In spite of this, she is anything but a crack ocean racer. Rather, she is an inspired solution to a problem that is as old as pleasure sailing itself.

Bill Garden, the designer and owner of *Oceanus*, is a soft-spoken, extremely successful young naval architect who was a determined bachelor right up to the age of 32. And until then his personal preference in yachts was equally single-minded.

A few years back, he designed and built a schooner named *Rainbird*, which he had fondly thought was his ultimate desire. *Rainbird* was a man's boat, all natural red cedar and rubbed raw teakwood inside. Down in her cabin the traditional furnishings were dimly lit through narrow ports. In sum, she was a deep and satisfyingly dark bachelor's burrow.

"Remember Mole End in *The Wind in the Willows*?" said Garden reaching hastily back in memory. "That was Mole's little house where he finally took Rat? Mole had all the goodies a man could want. He had hams hanging from the rafters, ale hidden in the corners and packages of onions. That was *Rainbird* to me."

But all this was before Bill Garden got married. And like many a sailor before him, when he married he picked a wife who was something less than a good hand aboard ship. In fact, his bride, Aslaug Slette, had never sailed at all. When she first went out on *Rainbird* she felt cramped in the dark cabin—and cold when she tried to stay on deck. Bill Garden was in an old, old dilemma. Obviously, he would either have to cut down on his sailing or forgo Aslaug's company aboard, part of the time.

He brooded on these impossible alternatives at length. He talked Aslaug into describing what she wanted. "The demands a woman makes on a boat," concluded Garden in some surprise, "add up to no boat at all." This discovery was the end of *Rainbird*. While Garden brooded, he occupied himself in the cedar and glass home which he and Aslaug were finishing off, do-it-yourself style, by Seattle's famous ship canal. The lines of a boat calculated to get

Aslaug to sea first took form on the subfloor of the unfinished living room. When Garden got bored with hammering and fitting he sketched hull designs on the bare boards. The doodlings were quickly covered with flooring before any questions could be asked, but a new hull slowly took shape in Bill Garden's head.

The new boat, he knew, had to be big and comfortable—homelike, in fact. Above all, it had to enable Aslaug to stay on deck, or as near to that as possible, in warmth and shelter. He knew that he would have to be able to single-hand this big boat to leave Aslaug free to cook and putter. And the boat would have to get from here to there at a fairly good clip so that a) she could keep a jump ahead of grim, gray weather if needed and b) because even in marriage a man like Bill Garden could never sail on a slow boat. Finally, this boat would have to fit the budget.

The strange and wonderful compromise that emerged as *Oceanus* proved to be 60 feet long over-all, short-rigged for easy handling. Her sheets could all be winched from the cockpit. In effect, Garden has the biggest single-hander afloat. And, to give her speed, she is as light as Garden dared make her. Foot for foot, at 29,000 pounds, *Oceanus* is perhaps the lightest cruising boat ever built. But the real marvel of unorthodoxy is the deckhouse. It has six large side windows, 6-foot 4-inch headroom and a white acoustic ceiling 9 feet by 12, a wood-burning stove to drive out the Northwest damp, a coffee table, divan and rattan basket chairs and a door that leads right out into a cockpit big enough to hold 10 people.

Oceanus was a success. Aslaug took to the sea in her without a qualm, and she lent her considerable talents to supplying *Oceanus*' décor. The cabin soon bloomed along one side with cactus plants, the windows were hung with matchstick blinds and the floor was covered with a fine-

text continued on page 43

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM BOESMER

"OCEANUS" COASTING in a light evening breeze off Seattle at the end of a day's leisurely cruise shows her smooth hull shape and clean superstructure in the glow of a Puget Sound sunset.



New luxury and distinction—the Bel Air Impala Sport Coupe.



Almost too new to be true!



The bold new Bel Air 4-Door Sedan.

Here's styling that sets a new style! The beautiful '58 Chevrolet is nine inches longer, four inches wider and up to 2½ inches lower.



The stylish new Nomad Station Wagon.



FORWARD
FROM
1957

From dual headlights to gull-wing rear fenders, these are truly impressive cars. Interiors, wheelbases, grilles, styling accents and fabrics—everything is new, luxurious, exciting!



'58 CHEVROLET

Never, never has a car been so wonderfully new in so many different ways! Here are radical departures in style, power and ride...all wrapped up in the longest, lowest, widest Chevrolet that ever said, "C'mon, let's get going!"

Here are just some of the real surprises that await you in Chevrolet's three new series, its new line of station wagons, its eye-brightening array of 17 all-new models:

A revolutionary new V8! So new it even looks different on the outside—that's Chevy's Turbo-Thrust V8*! Combustion chambers are *in the block*—a radical design development that results in super-smooth performance and high efficiency. Horsepower ranges up to 230. There are three new versions of the famous Turbo-Fire V8, too, including Ramjet Fuel Injection*, and more power for the super-thrifty Blue-Flame Six.

New body-frame construction! The secret of Chevy's road-hugging lowness is the new X-design Safety-Girder frame. There's extra safety in the lower center of gravity... and new locked-together strength in the way this new frame is welded to Chevrolet's new Body by Fisher.

All-new 4-coil suspension! Here's a fabulous combination of super-soft coil springs and the super stability of Chevy's exclusive four-link rear suspension. Unquestionably, the finest standard suspension in Chevrolet's field!

You can even ride on air! Level Air suspension* puts air springs at every wheel for the ultimate in this-side-down comfort. It changes every concept of motoring smoothness—and the car stays level, regardless of load changes front or rear!... See the year's newest car at your Chevrolet dealer's... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Extra-cost option.



SPECIAL STOVE, conceived by *Oceanus*' designer Bill Garden (above), heats cabin against Northwest weather.

GLEAMING GALLEY has headroom to spare, features wood-burning cooker, stainless sink, storage for utensils.



COMFORTABLE CABIN has look of modern living room, with spiral-base table, basket chairs, hemp rug selected by Ashang Garden (above).

SPACIOUS STATEROOM has such homelike conveniences as extra-length bunks, overhead reading lamps and ventilation louvers in door.



'Oceanus'

continued

fireproof heep rug, *Oceanus* headed seaward, light, airy and functional as a show-place home.

Given a set of requirements that no one has really been able to meet before, Garden has triumphed, solving some nasty problems in naval architecture in the process.

He has made a hull that is big but at the same time exceptionally light, strong but still uncluttered by bulky beams and stiffeners. Garden did it with a seamless construction method heretofore seen only on much smaller boats. Using resorcinol glue, he laminated three skins of thin cedar plywood strips, one on top of the other, over cedar ribs running lengthwise. The whole works was built upside down for the convenience of workmen at the Monson boatyard, where *Oceanus* was put together. The boat was built without conventional framing, without floor timbers, deck beams or heavy deadwoods. Less than 40 man-hours were required for the initial layout. This was a substantial saving in labor and material, and an enormous saving in weight.

Oceanus was launched upside down with a tug standing by to flip her upright. She took the flipping operation like a thoroughbred, holding her shape well even though she had no decking to stiffen the sides of her double-ended hull. She was then decked at the Maritine Shipyards with laminated plywood and covered with an unbroken layer of fiber glass. Here Garden saved more time and money by using plywood in the structure and below-decks and keeping the carpentry simple.

There was no need to apply caulking to this hull. When it was sanded smooth the glue had filled the narrow seams between the strips to form an integral part of the hull.

Garden's rigging plan called for 1,000 square feet of canvas on the 64-foot mast, enough to drive *Oceanus* at nine knots in favorable wind. For his engine, he picked a rebuilt Chrysler Crown rated at 110 horsepower—which pushes *Oceanus* along at the crisp cruising speed of 8½ knots.

"Her performance under sail was a happy surprise," said Garden, "and I wasn't aiming for anything mediocre to start with." Garden feels that *Oceanus* "will go farther,

faster, with less effort than practically any boat afloat."

As for racing, *Oceanus* will probably never win any big prizes. She will hold her own, boat for boat, but with her long waterline (46 feet) she suffers under the cruising race handicap rules. Besides, Garden has never wanted to spend the money for a parachute spinnaker and other racing gear. He reiterates his point that *Oceanus* was designed for good living—evenings of settled relaxation in the deckhouse after a good rare steak charcoal-grilled over the ship's stove.

She is also designed to extend a trend that began with the small "doghouse" shelters built just forward of the cockpit. The doghouse has been accepted by sailors for some time. Garden believes most sailors in turn will come to want the large comforts of the deckhouse.

As for the Gardens' budget, *Oceanus* represents a \$55,000 investment, about a third less than the usual 60-footer. And with her seamless hull and topside, and a fiber-glass covered deck, *Oceanus'* upkeep is dirt-cheap—comparatively. "Owning a boat," said Garden, "can be like marrying a clotheshorse woman. It's cheap to marry them, but you can't keep them up. The point is, I can maintain *Oceanus* myself—except for annual paint jobs.

"This is a boat built to fit my time and means," says Garden who, as a leading naval architect in the Northwest, gets precious little time to himself but obviously has enough means to enjoy leisure in his own way. "*Oceanus* is a reflection of all the boats I've seen, all the boats I've built and the boats I've dreamed about. When you've designed as many boats as I have—350 over the past 10 years—your mind can shoot through so many proportions and types, well, it's like writing a bestseller. So many things influence you. I guess *Oceanus* will have about the same effect as an auto a few years ahead of its time. Some features will be accepted, some rejected. She is the first boat that I have built that did not have a successor sailing around in my head before launching day.

"In fact," he said with the contented look of a perfectly adjusted husband, "she reflects the independence of being able to do the thing exactly as I wanted to."

Turn page for drawings of Garden's highly original solution to the problem of combining spaciousness with cruising speed



CANOE STERN of *Oceanus* rides high out of the water, helps her extremely light hull ghost along with minimum of drag as her designer, Seattle's Bill Garden, checks trim.



NARROW BEAM is one factor in *Oceanus'* speed under her less-than-average sail area.

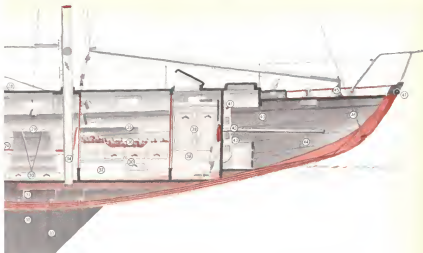
'Oceanus'

continued

LOA 60 feet BEAM 12 feet
DWL 46 feet DRAFT 6 feet
DISPLACEMENT 29,000 pounds

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ① canoe stern | ⑩ wheel (no handle grips) | ⑲ bamboo curtains |
| ② air intake | ⑪ steering pedestal | ⑳ automatic-pilot remote-control cord |
| ③ three-ply laminated cedar hull | ⑫ clutch control | ㉑ basket chair |
| ④ laminated keel | ⑬ steering gear | ㉒ gimbal table |
| ⑤ lazaret | ⑭ wood fin | ㉓ 110-hp Chrysler Crown |
| ⑥ exhaust | ⑮ cockpit shelter | ㉔ 17-amp generator |
| ⑦ lazaret access | ⑯ safety-glass windshield | ㉕ four batteries (12-volt system) |
| ⑧ turney post for mainsheet winch | ⑰ main cabin | ㉖ automatic pilot |

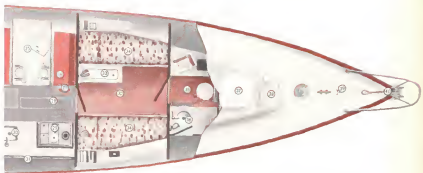
- | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ① 6-foot 6-inch fiber-glass dinghy | ⑩ main-cabin seat and double berth | ⑲ gimbal table |
| ② hinged seats (lockers under) | ⑪ plant holder | ㉑ fireproof hemp rag |
| ③ turney post | ⑫ wood-burning stove | ㉒ hanging locker |
| ④ fixed seat (30-gallon gas tank under) | ⑬ wood storage | ㉓ hanging locker |
| ⑤ leak grating | ⑭ crissin locker | ㉔ automatic-pilot course setter |
| ⑥ steering pedestal | ⑮ hanging locker two sliding doors | ㉕ door (adjustable louvers) |
| ⑦ fixed seat (30-gallon water tank under) | ⑯ basket chairs | ㉖ control panel |



- ① pilot seat
- ② bad-weather wheel
- ③ acoustic coxing
- ④ engine room exhaust
- ⑤ dinette table
- ⑥ lockers
- ⑦ steel reinforcing plates
- ⑧ 11,000-pound iron keel

- ⑨ 2½-inch keel bolts
- ⑩ fiber-glass-covered mainmast
- ⑪ owners' stateroom
- ⑫ 6-foot 6-inch bunk
- ⑬ shoe locker and seat
- ⑭ head
- ⑮ hanging lockers
- ⑯ forecabin and sail locker

- ⑰ forecabin hatch and ladder
- ⑱ pipe berth
- ⑲ seat (hides under)
- ⑳ cedar longitudinal stringers
- ㉑ jibboom gooseneck
- ㉒ jibstay turnbuckle
- ㉓ roller check



- ① bad-weather wheel
- ② pilot seat
- ③ automatic pilot
- ④ dinette table
- ⑤ foam-rubber seats
- ⑥ mast
- ⑦ bide and cold storage

- ⑧ wood-burning galley stove
- ⑨ stainless sink
- ⑩ dish locker
- ⑪ owners' stateroom (carpeted)
- ⑫ shoe locker and seat
- ⑬ bunk
- ⑭ head

- ⑮ stainless sink (lockers under)
- ⑯ forecabin hatch
- ⑰ deck gear stowage
- ⑱ jibboom gooseneck
- ㉑ anchor roller check

BOSTON

CELTICS



1957 record: won 44, lost 28; first in East. Top scorer: Bill Sharman, 1,413; 7th in league. Top rebounder: Bill Russell, 942; 4th in league.

The best team in pro basketball last year is this year's Boston Celtics; no changes. Coach Red Auerbach has the same superb combination of youth and experience, speed and height, savvy and stamina that swept to the eastern title by six games, eased up, and then beat the inspired Hawks in the playoffs. Playing in only 48 games (out of 72), Russell was still fourth in the league in rebounds, one reason for the great success of Boston's fast break. Another, of course, is Bob Cousy, who can move faster with the ball than most pros can without it, spot a free man (or a soon-to-be-free man) with the merest corner of an eye and get the ball to him pronto. Add Bill Sharman, league leader in free-throw accuracy and a 400-plus hater from the floor, and Tom Heinsohn, who earned his Rookie-of-the-Year award with a variety of spectacular shots. Finish with Jim Loscutoff, all spring and muscle under the boards, and you have, quite possibly, the best combination ever assembled on a pro team. Bullish Frank



JIM LOSCUTOFF
F, 6'3", 225 lbs.



BOB COUSY
G, 6'1", 175 lbs.



BILL RUSSELL
C, 6'9", 215 lbs.



TOM HEINSOHN
F, 6'7", 220 lbs.



BILL SHARMAN
G, 6'2", 190 lbs.



RED AUERBACH
Coach

Ramsey and steady Arnie Risen, Andy Phillip and Jack Nichols make up a powerful bench. Only cloud on the Celtics' horizon is the advancing age of their veterans. But balancing this is Auerbach's concentration on conditioning and the pride that Sharman, Cousy, Risen and Phillip take in keeping in shape. Barring injuries to these older stars, who might recuperate slowly, the Celtics should again finish

1st

PHILADELPHIA

WARRIORS



1957 record: won 37, lost 35; 3rd in East. Top scorer: Paul Arizin, 1,817; first in league. Top rebounder: Neil Johnston, 835; 6th in league.



JOE GRABOSKI
F, 6'8", 225 lbs.



JACK GEORGE
G, 6'2", 195 lbs.



NEIL JOHNSTON
C, 6'8", 215 lbs.



TOM GOLA
G, 6'6", 215 lbs.



PAUL ARIZIN
F, 6'4", 200 lbs.



GEORGE SENESKY
Coach

backcourt if he is to avoid being cut by December 15. Team's strongest point is shooting; last year's 39.6% led in league. Weak points include lack of height in regular lineup and over-all defense. If Gola comes through as hoped; if Sauldsberry can fill in on defense against opponents' big men—and if the Celtics falter—then the Warriors can do it again. But, our prediction for Philadelphia in 1958 is

2nd

The return of Tom Gola from the Army, now expected in early December, should make Philadelphia the only team in the East capable of beating Boston for the division title. He will inject spark in a backcourt whose slump last year (there were games in which the entire backcourt personnel didn't come up with a single field goal) was the reason for the Warriors' fall from their championship game of 1956. The set offense of Johnston in the pivot and Arizin in the corners and at the circle, will be even more effective with Gola supplying backcourt punch. Over-all rebounding should improve also, thereby affording the opportunity for fast breaks, which were seldom tried last year. Outstanding rookie so far is Woody Sauldsberry, 6-foot-7 former Harlem Globetrotter from Texas Southern, whose speed and size fit him for spelling Graboski and Arizin up front. All-America Len Rosenbluth (6 feet 5 and rather frail) cannot find a place in front court, must therefore beat out unsung but steady George Dempsey in

EASTERN DIVISION

SYRACUSE

NATIONALS



1957: won 28, lost 34; 2nd in East.
Top scorer: Dolph Schayes, 1,617;
3rd in the league. Top rebounder:
Dolph Schayes, 1,008; 3rd in NBA.

Syracuse finished strongly last year after a miserable start. If they improve their record this year, the reason will have to be the continued spark and inspiration provided by Player-Coach Paul Seymour, who took over when the Nats were in last place and going nowhere. Seymour deserved the credit last season and he will deserve it this season because he will have essentially the same team. Syracuse lost all four of their top draft choices—George BonSalle, Jim Morgan, Ron Tomsic and Vince Cohen are still amateurs. To his roster of veteran stars, Seymour adds only Larry Costello, in trade with Philadelphia. Costello's speed in the backcourt will help in Seymour's determination that "we are going to run every chance we get." But the Nats' offense will still consist mainly of the fast weave and give-and-go. Driving, deadeye-shooting Dolph Schayes is a tower of strength. Ed Conlin (due back from service in December) was last year's most-improved pro player. Solid pivotman Johnny Kerr should get a lot of help from Bob



DOLPH SCHAYES
F, 6'8", 220 lbs.



LARRY COSTELLO
G, 6'1", 180 lbs.



AL BIANCHI
G, 6'3", 185 lbs.



JOHNNY KERR
C, 6'9", 230 lbs.



EARL LLOYD
F, 6'6", 220 lbs.



PAUL SEYMOUR
Player-coach

Hopkins, in his second pro season. Hopkins, incidentally, is a cousin of Boston's Bill Russell and, possibly for this reason, always does a fine defensive job on Russell. Backcourt men Al Bianchi and Bob Harrison have also looked good in preseason training. Harrison's set shot being razor-sharp. Certainly not least is Seymour himself, in top condition after 11 years of service, but Syracuse does not figure to finish higher than

4th

NEW YORK

KNICKS



1957 record: won 36, lost 36; 4th in East. Top scorer: Ken Sears, 1,049;
15th in league. Top rebounder:
Willie Naulls, 617; 14th in league.

Coach Vince Boryla's plight is a perfect illustration of the over-all strength of the NBA. With a flock of former All-Americans on his roster and the tallest squad in the league, he will be fortunate indeed if the Knicks make the playoffs—something they failed to accomplish last year. The big trade with Detroit—McGuire, Clifton and Gallatin for Mel Hutchins and Charlie Tyra—and the purchase of Willie Gardner from the Globetrotters, committed Boryla to fielding a team whose members will have a minimum of experience in playing together. Problem No. 2 involves Boryla's apparent plan to give Tyra every opportunity to make good at center. On the face of it, this sounds silly; any team would dearly love to have this powerful, 6-foot-8 22-year-old. But Tyra will have to supplement his fine rebounding and defensive skill with adequate scoring punch. Hutchins will of course be a big help on defense too. Gardner, also 6 feet 8 inches, seems to have everything but an eye for the basket at this stage. Second-year men Willie



MEL HUTCHINS
G, 6'6", 205 lbs.



KEN SEARS
F, 6'9", 195 lbs.



WILLIE NAULLS
F, 6'6", 225 lbs.



CARL BRAUN
G, 6'8", 195 lbs.



CHARLIE TYRA
C, 6'8", 235 lbs.



VINCE BORYLA
Coach

Naulls, Ron Sobie and Rieble Guerin should be even better than last year. Last season, Ken Sears was good; it's time for his predicted greatness to become apparent. Carl Braun will be a steady hand in the backcourt, and Ray Felix, at 6 feet 11 inches, will be scrambling to hold his place and therefore playing at his very best. Every pro respects New York height and muscle, yet these should not bring the club higher than

3rd

ST. LOUIS HAWKS



1957: won 34, lost 38; tied for first in West. Top scorer: Bob Pettit, 1,755; 2nd in league. Top rebounder: Bob Pettit, 1,037; 2nd in league.

When Alex Hannum took over the floundering Hawks in midseason last year, he changed their style of offense from deliberate to go-go-go. In addition, he charged up a group of veterans to the point where they rose from last place to first and just missed winning the NBA title by a handful of points. As a bonus for Hannum's efforts, Rookie Cliff Hagan began playing like an All-Star. These three items—inspired veterans, a running game and Hagan's improvement—are the backbone of the Hawks' chances this year. They still need another good, big man and can't get one. To their superb but shallow backcourt, they add top draft choice Win Wilfong, who can spell Slater Martin and Jack McMahon. Up front, service returnee Frank Selvy should improve the efficiency of veterans Ed Macauley and Jack Coleman simply by being available. In his own right, it is enough to quote Hannum's opinion: "Selvy's one of the finest shooters ever to play the game. It'll be a great day for us when he comes back." Finally, the Hawks' greatest



ED MACAULEY
C, 6'8", 195 lbs.



CLIFF HAGAN
F, 6'4", 215 lbs.



BOB PETTIT
F, 6'9", 210 lbs.



JACK MCMAHON
G, 6'1", 190 lbs.



SLATER MARTIN
G, 5'10", 170 lbs.



ALEX HANNUM
Coach

personal asset is superstar Bob Pettit. If Pettit had not broken a wristbone late last season, there is little doubt that he would have been first, not second, in scoring. He and Chuck Share supply the Hawks' height—and could use help. This year, Hannum is going to wear a business suit on the bench; he says his playing days are over. A fine coach, a fine man, he should once again prove that nice guys can finish

1st

MINNEAPOLIS LAKERS



1957: won 34, lost 38; tied for first. Top scorer: Dick Garmaker, 1,177; 10th in league. Top rebounder: V. Mikkelsen, 639; 15th in league.

It is somewhat difficult to offer real encouragement to the "new" Lakers, especially in relation to over-all NBA power, except to point to the home-town enthusiasm which oversubscribed the fund necessary to keep the team in Minneapolis. If this imbues new Coach George Mikan's flock of fresh Lakers with all-out spirit, they may rise above their paper potential. Only four holdovers are left from last year's club: Vern Mikkelsen, Dick Schnitker, Bob Leonard and Dick Garmaker. The first two may be past their peak, though Mikkelsen is still his old aggressive, highly competitive self. Leonard, a good ball handler and playmaker and getting better, will start in the backcourt with new man Ed Fleming, who is quick on defense but erratic. Lakers' offense will be based on the pivot play of trades Larry Foust and Rookie Jim Krebs at center. Krebs, it appears certain, will have to take over eventually here; it will be all-important to discover if his speed and stamina are up to pro requirements. The celebrated Rod Hundley can play



BOB LEONARD
G, 6'3", 185 lbs.



ROD HUNDLEY
G, 6'3", 185 lbs.



LARRY FOUST
C, 6'9", 215 lbs.



DICK GARMAKER
F, 6'3", 205 lbs.



VERN MIKKELSEN
F, 6'7", 230 lbs.



GEORGE MIKAN
Coach

up front or in the backcourt and is a much better player than his reputation as a clown suggests. His weakness is defense but he has the natural ability to learn. How quickly, is the key. Possible ace in the hole is Rookie George Brown, a 6-foot-6 forward with the spring of a jumper and the drive of a sprinter. Both Mikan and his team lack experience for their separate tasks; it is impossible this year to rate them higher than

4th

WESTERN DIVISION

DETROIT



PISTONS

1957: won 34, lost 38; tied for first in West. Top scorer: George Yardley, 1,547. Top rebounder: Walt Dukes, 794; 8th in league.

One thing the Pistons do not lack is an enthusiastic spokesman. Listen to the rasping, rapid-fire referee-turned-coach Charlie Eckman: "We got a great chance. The guys are hustling and it communicates. I've got real veteran ball-players—don't call them old pros—and they're trying like kids out of college. We're versatile. I can put a half dozen guys in the pivot—Walt Dukes, George Yardley, Bill Thieben, Harry Gallatin, Bob Houbregs or Sweets Clifton. I got good defense. I got rebounding, which I didn't have last year. And I got great feeders in Gene Shue, Chuck Noble and Dick McGuire. The big thing is rebounding and I got six guys can do that." Eckman's enthusiasm does him credit, and he will need it, because his collection of old pros—that's what they are—must all have good individual seasons to make the Pistons a threat. His men are big and strong, but only McGuire can keep them from being sluggish as well. Only the balding, agile Yardley can be expected to produce 20 points a game, with fair frequency.



HARRY GALLATIN
C, 6'6", 212 lbs.



GEORGE YARLEY
F, 6'5", 190 lbs.



CHUCK NOBLE
G, 6'4", 195 lbs.



NAT CLIFTON
F, 6'7", 220 lbs.



DICK MCGUIRE
G, 6', 180 lbs.



CHARLIE ECKMAN
Coach

In-and-outer Clifton, who has never been the player it seems he should be, workhorse Gallatin, and moody, erratic Dukes can hardly be considered awesome scoring threats. The Pistons will undoubtedly play a slow, deliberate game, winning when their remembered skills come easily and losing—too often—to superior speed. Eckman will still be enthusiastic on the last day of the season, but the Pistons should finish

3rd

CINCINNATI



ROYALS

1957: won 31, lost 41; 4th in West. Top scorer: Clyde Lovellette, 1,434; 6th in league. Top rebounder: Maurice Stokes, 1,256.

When Si Green gets out of the Army this could become the best team in the NBA. The statement is provisional because the Royals have suffered from two serious lacks—a good, really big man and ball-handling skill in the backcourt. They have solved the first with the acquisition of Clyde Lovellette from Minneapolis and made a start on the second by buying George King from Syracuse. When the slick, speedy Green joins King, Richie Regan, Tom Marshall and Rookie Gerry Paulson in the backcourt, the balance of personnel should be near perfect. It would be up to Coach Bobby Wanzer to nurse this group up to its potential. In Lovellette they now have one of the top scorers and rebounders in the league. He and Stokes give the Royals tremendous strength under the boards. Up front with Stokes are deadeye Jack Twyman (second in field-goal percentage), the versatile Dick Ricketts, rugged Dave Piontek and newcomer Kim Paxson, who has been impressive in pre-season work. King is 29, Lovellette is 28 and all the others



KIM PAXSON
F, 6'6", 205 lbs.



CLYDE LOVELLETTE
C, 6'9", 235 lbs.



GEORGE KING
G, 6', 175 lbs.



MAURICE STOKES
F, 6'7", 230 lbs.



JACK TWYMAN
G, 6'6", 210 lbs.



BOBBY WANZER
Coach

are 26 or under—a young team that can run and will use the fast break as its chief offensive weapon. In moving to Cincinnati (this is their first year) the Royals have also acquired territorial draft rights in an area perennially loaded with good college teams, which should pay off well at the gate this year and in talent in the future. The Royals may go all the way next season, and this year should finish no worse than

2nd



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WHAT'S IN

*Torpid finally lived up to his
—and pacing's climactic prize
was taken by Meadow Lands*

DELVIN MILLER, a chubby, cheerful 44-year-old, zoomed to the front rank in harness racing at roughly the same great speed with which he is now losing his hair. Miller developed the great Adios into the outstanding sire he is today, and sold him for \$500,000, highest price ever paid for a Standardbred. On his farm, Meadow Lands in Washington, Pa., Miller has bred and trained a flock of today's top trotters and pacers, and has also driven them in their important races. Most of his horses have been given the first name of the farm: Meadow Pet, Meadow Rhythm, Meadow Ace. And friends often asked him when he was going to go all the way and give the farm's full name to one of his foals. Miller's stock answer was: "I'm waiting for the right one to be born."

Three years ago he took one look at a well-made, freshly loaded colt and was sure this was the right one; without hesitation he named the youngster Meadow Lands.

In his first year at the races—as a 2-year-old—Meadow Lands was a bitter disappointment to Miller and to harness experts generally, who have come to expect excellence in Miller-trained horses. The colt bruised himself badly in stepping on a sharp stone early in the season and never came up to form. Meadow Lands' best racing time for the mile was a dreadful 2:21½, and he earned not a dime.

Miller, however, was still certain of his horse. Early this year he took Meadow Lands out to California, to give him the longest possible training season. He had to start from scratch with the colt, rebuilding his confidence, redesigning his gait. He coaxed and babied the horse along until, last week, with the richest purse in night harness racing at stake—Roosevelt Raceway's second annual \$100,000 Messenger—Miller felt he was ready.

There was only one flaw in Miller's plans. This is also the 3-year-old season of one of harness racing's alltime superstars; a colt named Torpid. Up to the Messenger, Torpid had beaten every

A NAME?

horse in his class, literally at his pleasure, and even as tough a competitor as Delvin Miller was obliged to concede he was the odds-on choice in this climactic race.

For his part, Johnny Simpson, Torpid's trainer and driver, had one nagging worry: Had Torpid completely shaken off the aftereffects of a severe flu attack, as his recent workouts indicated? The question was answered for Simpson in Torpid's first mile heat in the Messenger. The colt gamely raced to second place, but at the finish he was choked with blood that soon streamed from his nostrils. The exertion of competition had burst some remaining area of flu infection. Simpson (not the track vet, as the P.A. system told the crowd) immediately scratched Torpid from the final payoff heat and the race was wide open—to Miller and six other crack drivers and their colts. With Torpid missing, everyone had to revise his strategy.

In the following hour and a half, Miller demonstrated two of the qualities that make him the superb horseman he is: the trainer's painstaking attention to important details and the driver's keen perceptive analysis of his opponent's capabilities.

MILLER PLANS HIS RACE

It was a cold, windy night at Roosevelt, and the colts who were to go in the final heat had to stand around in the paddock for an hour or more before post time. "It's impossible," says Miller, "to keep a horse from freezing up in that kind of weather, no matter how many blankets you use. With about three quarters of an hour to go, I took Meadow Lands out and kept him warmed up with two trips around the track. I'm sure that was an important reason why he raced the way he did later." None of the other drivers thought this was necessary: in the excitement surrounding Torpid's being scratched from the final, most of them didn't even notice what Miller was doing.

Miller's analysis of his own strategy was simple but sound: "The two horses I figured I had to beat were Morris Eden and Adios Express. Both of those colts like to race covered up—back in the pack but close up enough so they can beat you with their fast final rush."

continued



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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

continued

The slower the early part of the race goes, the better they like it, naturally. So I decided to go for the top early myself and set a fast pace. It was a risk, with the sharp wind hitting the uncovered lead horse, but I had to take it." Worth mentioning also is the fact that Meadow Lands is a usable animal who will take orders and doesn't mind racing in whatever position on the track that Miller thinks is the correct one for any given race.

MEADOW LANDS SETS PACE

With his strategy set and a still-warm horse at the end of the lines, Miller tore away from the starting gate at top speed, made the front by the eighth pole despite the fact that he came from No. 5 post position. The first half he set as fast a pace as he dared, not overtaking his own horse and yet forcing Adios Express and Morris Eden to use up some of their strength if they wanted to keep within striking distance. It was a delicate balance to maintain, one that only a master of pace could manage perfectly. For an instant, Miller yielded first place at the half, and then took it right back, refusing to allow anyone to sit down in front of him and slow the pace. In the final turn, Morris Eden and Adios Express had to make their moves or quit. Eden simply had nothing left after the early fast going, and faded badly. Express had clung to the rail all the way, saving ground and hoping to get clear later. But into the turn, he was stuck behind a tiring lot of colts—tiring just as Miller had hoped and planned they would—and he had to go three-wide to get around them. After that, in the stretch, Express could not make up the ground Meadow Lands had on him. Miller won by three quarters of a length, with Nyland Handover, driven by Johnny Simpson, second and Adios Express, driven by Joe O'Brien, third.

It was a justly deserved victory for a fine horseman, and for someone else it was an excellent morale booster. Back in Washington, Pa., Miller's wife—Mary Lib to the harness fraternity—was lying in the hospital after an operation for a badly burned leg, the result of a cooking accident. Pretty, vivacious Mrs. Miller never misses Del's big races by choice. The nurses got Mary Lib up at 1:30 a.m., when the news arrived, and they celebrated with a special ration of coffee and cake from the hospital kitchen.

—JEREMIAH TAX



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SPORTING LOOK

Europe's Girls Show Their New Sweaters

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE AND CHRISTA

The sweater is popular round the world because it flatters a good figure: women wear it, and men approve of it. This past summer **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** conducted an Old World sweater survey. Some of the world's best sweaters and prettiest girls are shown on this and the following pages. While a collector might journey from the Highlands to the steppes, it isn't necessary: all these sweaters are obtainable at fine American stores which make a specialty of imports. Each country has its own specialty: Scotland its cashmeres and this year the creamiest of them all—vicuna; France exquisitely shaped and finished merino knits; Italy ingenious sports sweaters; Austria doll-pretty peasant sweaters; Germany intricate intarsia knits; and Russia sweaters that you have to knit yourself.



FROM GERMANY *Helga Allgauer* (at upper left) wears pullover with intarsia pattern of circles on Drexler blue (\$25, Jack Frost Shop, Jackson, N.H.).

FROM SCOTLAND (left), softer than even cashmere—a vicuna sweater, worn by Helen Bonney in field of heather (Bellamyne, \$90, at Marshall Field).

FROM FRANCE (opposite), a Left Banker's turtle-neck sweater converts to a hooded one, worn by Margareta Prints (Korriqan-Lecur, \$27, at I. Magnin).





FROM AUSTRIA, an after-ski sweater with pom-poms is worn by Ingrid Funkler of Salzburg in a sunny Tyrolean meadow (about \$30, at B. Altman, New York).

FROM ITALY, a new popcorn-slick pullover by Miras, Italy's Marchesa Olga di Greco, is worn by Anna Frappa in Piazza della Signoria (about \$35, I. Maguice).





FROM RUSSIA comes a ski sweater originated by Moscov's "House of Fashion." It is worn by Tamara Konstantinovna, who puts on one-girl fashion shows. The styles are not for sale, but women buy patterns and, if they can find materials, make them.

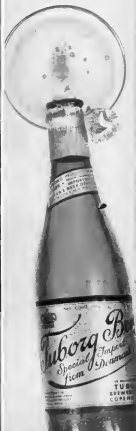


FROM ENGLAND, a coal-collar sweater is worn by Rena Johns in English garden (Dorville, \$25, at Saks Fifth Avenue).



FROM IRELAND, a bainin sweater in a fisherman's pattern, "Red Hugh," is worn by Sarah LeBrocqny (\$46, at I. Magnin).

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THE BOY GREW UP

continued from page 24

Cox. He is very fond of the picture. "That guy," he says, "was the last All-America quarterback Minnesota ever had. Maybe someday, if I'm lucky, they'll put me up there, too."

Perhaps they will. At the moment, however, it would appear that more than luck, in fact more even than the great individual skills of Bobby Cox will be needed if this rather dashing young man is to hang on the wall where he belongs. Instead of heading toward the Big Ten championship and the Rose Bowl, as a large segment of the nation's football audience thought likely several weeks ago, the ponderous Minnesota Gophers are now heading nowhere quite fast.

Before the season began, Cox was almost unanimously conceded to be the best—and certainly the most colorful—college quarterback in the land. There were quarterbacks who could pass better, perhaps even a few who could run better and others more talented on defense. But for all the things a good quarterback must do—run, pass and think while at the same time deceiving the opponent and lifting his own ball club—Cox appeared to stand alone.

Basically, nothing has changed. Minnesota's unexpected mediocrity may have hobbled Bobby on his way to becoming an All-America but he is still quite a football player. And, whatever happens, he will be the last to complain. A young man who grew up in a near slum, ran away from home when barely 14, worked at odd jobs for a living, survived a hasty teen-age marriage and divorce, and then verged upon tramp athleticism only to wind up as the hero of a great university with a beautiful wife, a host of friends and a rose-hued future dead ahead does not complain of adversity.

"I think," says Bobby Cox, "that I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

Bobby was born in Olympia, Wash. on June 1, 1934, and before he was old enough to enter elementary school he had lived in Los Angeles, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Waitsburg, Wash. and, finally, back at L.A.

"My father was Irish," says Bobby. "A big, tough mick, but a nice-looking guy and pretty intelligent. He had a good education. He tried a lot of things and I guess he tried hard but nothing seemed to work out."

"My mother was a Spaniard. Castilian. She moved to Mexico from the old country with her family when she was a little girl and I think she was

about 24 when she came to the States. I know she couldn't speak much English, and that Spanish was the first language I learned to speak, too. She had a lot of musical talent, though, and she

"When I was a little kid," says Bobby, "I liked to play baseball. I was a pretty flashy shortstop—but I never could hit."

had a sister who was a concert pianist. They tried to make a musician out of me. They started me on the piano when I was 4, and I had to practice two hours every day. By the time I was 6 I was so sick of looking at a piano I couldn't stand it any more, so I quit. Sometimes, now," Bobby says softly, "I wish I hadn't."

By now the Cox family, including a younger brother and sister, were living in south Los Angeles, a tough lower-class neighborhood almost downtown. "We didn't live in the slums," says Bobby, "and we always had three squares a day—although I guess we had to push sometimes. But it was a pretty tough part of town. People keep writing stories now about how all the kids I grew up with ended up in the pen. I don't think that's right. Oh, I've heard about one who was sent up for peddling dope and another that got into some other trouble, but mostly I think they turned out all right."

"Sure, I was picked up once for driving a car that didn't belong to me, but you know how boys are. And, pretty soon, all I could think about was sports. The Coliseum was only a few blocks away and I must have been over there three times a week. I used to watch UCLA and Southern Cal and the Rams. It was great. I don't guess there was ever a better place for a kid to see really good football."

If Bobby did not come from a broken home, there were times when it was certainly badly bent. "I don't want to say anything against my folks," he says, "because, after all, they are my folks. They were good people who just had a lot of bad luck. But that Irish and Spanish blood—well, I don't know. Sometimes things around there got pretty hot." And he sadly shakes his Irish-Spanish head. "Anyway, when I was 14, right after I finished grade school, I headed out on my own."

That summer Bobby wandered back and forth up and down the West Coast. He stayed in San Francisco a few days and then went on to Portland, where he worked for a while in a cafe. "The

Coney Island Café on Union Boulevard," he grins. "Boy, I'll never forget that place." Eventually he wound up in Walla Walla, Wash., in the home of a Dr. Hill, who was an old family friend.

His parents followed him to Walla Walla that fall and tried to get Bobby to come home. He said no, he wanted to stay there and go to school. And in the next four years he found more friends than he had ever expected to find in his entire life.

"I guess people felt sorry for me," Bobby says now. "Anyway, they were wonderful. I don't know what I might have turned out to be if they hadn't helped me so much, but I know that whatever I do for the rest of my life that's good, I'll owe it all to them."

After Dr. Hill died, there was Ben Fletcher, a farmer; Don Carlson, manager of a branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Walla Walla; Mrs. Robert Gallivan, who taught Bobby English; Murray Taggart, the district attorney; and his high school football coach, Felix Fletcher.

"Sometimes I lived with one of them and sometimes another," says Bobby. "It was just like having five homes. Oh, I had to work, all right. I worked on the farm and in an icehouse and a service station and I drove a truck and finally Mr. Carlson got me a job as a brakeman on the railroad. But I always had someplace to go."

"I had clothes at every one of the places and at Christmas I had five Christmasies. I was part of the family, just like one of their own kids. I remember Mrs. Gallivan used to talk to me about books and art and music. She would tell me about a concert or an opera or an art show and I would go and see it. Sometimes I didn't know what it was all about, but I would sit there and listen or watch anyway, and I'm sure it didn't hurt me."

Richard Wooten, his high school basketball coach, just shakes his head when someone mentions "The Dead End Kid" tag which persists, even now, in following Bobby through life. "He was an average student who could have made better grades if he had tried," says Wooten, "but his conduct was always good."

"Poppycock," says Fletcher. "Maybe Bobby was a bit of a hellier with the girls, but no worse than any of the other kids. I wish all the athletes I'd had were as good a boy as he was."

The one thing which harmed Bobby in those days was too much adulation. In his four years at Walla Walla High he became the greatest prep school athlete in the history of the state.

Walla Walla was undefeated in football his junior and senior years, and Bobby was named all-state quarterback both seasons. He was also twice all-state in basketball, once on a state championship team. And as a half-miler in track, Cox was state champion as a sophomore and again as a junior, the last time running the second-fastest high school 880 in the nation that year, a 1:37.6. As a senior he didn't compete in track because "honestly there just wasn't any competition. Also," he will add, "I didn't have

"I was the lead in a school play," says Bobby, "but it was basketball season and the coach came and took me away."

very much time that spring. I was out visiting colleges."

The college that finally appeared to have Bobby wrapped up was Minnesota, primarily because Don Carlson was a Gopher alumnus. At the last minute Cox enrolled instead at the University of Washington.

"They say there was a lot of pressure put on me around the state to stay right there and play football," he says now, "and I'll admit that there was. But the real reason I went to Washington is that they made me the best offer. Like a lot of other guys, I was just looking out for myself. I went to the school where I could get the best deal."

As sometimes happens, even best deals blow up in peoples' faces. Bobby was just resilient enough to escape before Washington blew up in his.

His college football career started out well enough. In one of the first games of his sophomore season, Cox threw three touchdown passes and a UCLA team which was on the way to a No. 1 national ranking considered itself fortunate to escape with a 21-20 victory.

But from this point, the situation deteriorated rapidly. There was dissension on the squad and the notorious slush fund case (SI, Feb. 20, 1956) was about to break wide open. By season's end, Cox was ready to get out. He decided the place to go was Minnesota. With Carlson's help, he went.

"I have come," said Bobby, upon arriving at the Minneapolis campus, "to lead you to the Rose Bowl."

"Go home," said Minnesota. Gopher athletic officials shudder even now when someone suggests that they had a hand in Bobby's eastward migration. "Maybe he was a great football player," says a member of the

continued

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reads it. I do from cover to cover. And I
believe it is just so much a woman's mag-
azine as it is a man's."

THE BOY GREW UP

continued

coaching staff, "but he was poison. Any school that touched him with a 10-foot pole would have been in so much hot water with the NCAA they might never have gotten out.

"We told him we couldn't give him a scholarship, couldn't help him with a job and, in fact, would be only too happy if he just quietly went away. If he stayed, it was going to be his own business. Not ours."

Bobby stayed.

"I went to Minnesota because I wanted to," he says. "I wanted to play pro football and I knew the Big Ten was the best league there was, the best jumping-off place for a pro career.

"I enrolled in school and hit the books and the only football I played was with the meat squad, the other ineligible and nubs, every day against the varsity on the practice field. I played defense and ran opponents' plays and helped coach the freshmen.

"After the season ended I went back to railroading, switching out in the

"Bobby is a very good railroad man,"
says Don Carlson. "He could make his
living at it—but I hope he never has to."

yards from midnight till 8, and sometimes it would get down to 30 below and me out there in my West Coast clothes. When I got off work, I had an 8 o'clock class. What a year."

But when the 1956 season began, Bobby Cox was a regular, certified member of the University of Minnesota football team with all rights and privileges thereof. The only trouble was that with all his ability and fame he couldn't get on the first team. Ahead of him was a home-town boy named Dick Larson.

So Bobby sat on the bench and stewed, even when the Gophers went to Seattle to open the season against Cox's old teammates at the University of Washington. With the score tied at 7-7, Murray Warmath finally got tired of the hand tugging at his sleeve and sent Bobby in. Except for the weak cheers of 2,000 Walla Walla people who had traveled almost 275 miles to see the game, the stands boomed. So Bobby, who is not fond of boos, ran with the ball twice, threw three passes and Minnesota had the touchdown which put them ahead to stay. Warmath took Cox out.

"Why did you pass on first down?" Bobby was asked later.

"I figured I had to do it quick," he

grinned. "I knew I wouldn't be in there long enough to do it the slow way."

But Bobby, who is constitutionally unfit for bench-sitting, couldn't grin very long, and within a week there were reports that he was thinking of quitting, of trying still another school.

"I didn't really blame the coach," says Bobby now. "He has always treated me real good. And Dick is a really fine football player and he had been around longer and knew the system better than I did. It was just that I wanted to play."

Against Illinois, in the fourth game of the season, Cox got his chance, and caught on fire. He scored two touchdowns, and his passing set up the winning field goal in the late seconds of a game which Minnesota won 16-13. And the next week, in the Little Brown Jug game against Michigan, Bobby ran for two more touchdowns and put on the most spectacular one-man show of the 1956 Big Ten season as the Gophers bowled over their traditional foe 20-7.

Minnesota finally lost one game, to Iowa by 7-0 (they were tied by Northwestern and Wisconsin), and with it both the Big Ten title, which has eluded the Gophers since 1941, and a trip to the Rose Bowl. But it was still a wonderful year for Bobby Cox. He led Minnesota in scoring and was one of the conference standouts in total offense with 793 yards. Perhaps even better, his teammates and coaches discovered that this very confident, sometimes even brash young man was actually not so unbearable after all.

"As a football player," says Dick Larson, who rooms with Bobby when the team plays away from home, "he is great. As a friend, he is even better. A lot of people said he was cocky when he first came here, and maybe to them he still is. But we know him now and we understand him."

As a football player, Cox has several great assets and also a couple of weaknesses, at least one of which is no fault of his own. He is a particularly outstanding runner for a quarterback, and

"I was the Minnesota state quarter-mile
champ in high school," says Larson. "But
is a race, Bobby can beat me any day."

the split-T offense which Warmath, an old Tennessee single-wing man, has installed at Minnesota fits Cox's ball-carrying ability like a glove. He has good speed and balance, follows blockers very well and picks his way nicely through a broken field. And when the going gets tough, Bobby doesn't mind ducking his head and driving.

"He's got guts," says Bill Murphy, who coaches the Gopher backfield. "He may not be as quick as Larson but he is bigger [190 pounds to 175] and stronger."

Cox is also a fine passer, poised and accurate up to 30 yards and undoubtedly one of the best long passers in the country. The only trouble is that Minnesota, which has slow ends, does not pass deep very often.

"I like the split-T," says Bobby, "but you have to admit it isn't the best passing formation anyone ever invented. You almost never get to go back and set and look around and throw. You're always moving."

As a play selector—and Warmath lets his quarterbacks run the ball club when they are on the field—Bobby has gained a reputation as a gambler.

"O.K.," says Cox, "maybe I do throw once in a while when I'm supposed to run and run when I should kick. But I never called a play in my life that I didn't think was going to work. In fact," he grins, "I know they are going to work when I call them."

"I won't complain," says Warmath a little grimly, "as long as he is successful."

But if there is one thing which sometimes places Bobby Cox above every other quarterback in the land, it is his amazing ability to lift his ball club, to inspire it and shake it up and get it moving under the most disheartening conditions.

"I don't know what it is exactly," says Bobby. "It's just that football, to me, is about the most wonderful thing there is. I can't think of any place in the world I'd rather be than out there playing before 65,000 people."

"It's his enthusiasm," says Larson, who has been called a steadiest quarterback and sometimes even a smarter one but who knows that he will never have Bobby's dynamic and spectacular flair. "He gets all excited and then the team gets excited and first thing you know the people in the stands are all excited, too."

Unfortunately, the 1957 Gophers, who went into the season with 27 lettermen and were considered virtual co-favorites with Michigan State in the Big Ten, frequently appear incapable of getting very excited about anything. They outlasted Washington and Northwestern, but had to struggle to nose out Purdue. Then, before a national television audience of some 30 million two weeks ago, they suffered humiliation at the hands of an Illinois team they were favored to beat by two to three touchdowns. Finally, against

Michigan last weekend, they seemed to have collapsed completely.

With that defeat almost certainly went Minnesota's last chance at the Rose Bowl. The Gophers must still play Iowa, Michigan State and Wisconsin on consecutive weekends after a breather against weak Indiana, a schedule which would indicate that only a highly improbable mathematical hope is left.

Few feel, however, that the fault lies with Cox. An ankle injured in practice just before the season began has undoubtedly slowed him down but he has still been brilliant. Bobby led the way past Washington and Northwestern, although it was Larson, probably the best second-string quarterback in the

"In my book," says Cox, "Larson is my toughest competition for All-American. I just hope I can stay on the first team."

nation, who saved the game with Purdue. And against Illinois, after his backfield had fumbled and stumbled for three quarters and the mammoth but slow-footed Gopher line turned out to be full of holes, Bobby finally averted a shutout by waving the others aside and in five plays moved the ball 74 yards to a touchdown all by himself.

Even should Bobby Cox fail to become Minnesota's first All-American quarterback since John McGovern in 1909, he will still consider himself a very fortunate young man. His beautiful blonde wife, Sue, an ex-model and a very talented girl with a degree in art education whom he married last March, is expecting a baby this winter. They have friends and a family—Sue is a Minneapolis girl—a new car, a nice apartment and Bobby is making good grades in school. He will graduate in June with a degree in speech.

"I started out studying dramatics at Washington," he says. "Then, when I was a sophomore, I changed my major to radio broadcasting. Now I've decided on speech."

"I don't really think it makes much difference. I'll have a degree and I'll probably play pro ball with either the Los Angeles Rams or Winnipeg in the Canadian League. They've both drafted me. And when that's over—or even if I don't play pro ball at all—at least I'll have a name and people will know me. Even if I go to work selling toothpicks I'll be able to get my foot in the door. I guess that's what we're all after."

"You know, a lot of people think I've had a pretty rough life. Well, I don't agree with that. I think I've had a lot of fun, don't you?" (END)

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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **JOE LA MACHIA**
Lowell Hill Country Club, Pittsford, N.Y.



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On the first tee of any club you will see all types of pivots—sways, dips, locked right knees or no pivot at all. The pivot is a rotating motion of the hips and shoulders to the right. They should rotate on the same level they were in at address. As they begin to turn, you should feel the right leg twisting against the ground as the weight from the left side shifts onto the right. You are coiled up, in perfect balance on your right foot, with your back facing the hole. Your hips will start the downswing by uncoiling toward the hole, and you will finish in balance on your left foot, facing the hole.

To check your pivot motion, try this exercise. Without holding a club but with your hands in address position, extend your arms in front of you. Now turn to the right, stopping your hands hip-high. Your arms and hands are still in the same relative position as at address. However, if on your turn you dip the left shoulder and lock the right knee, your hands will have changed positions: the back of the left and the palm of the right face the ground. The result of this action is that you will hit with an open club face and slice.



NEXT WEEK: MARILYNN SMITH ON THE DRAG SHOT

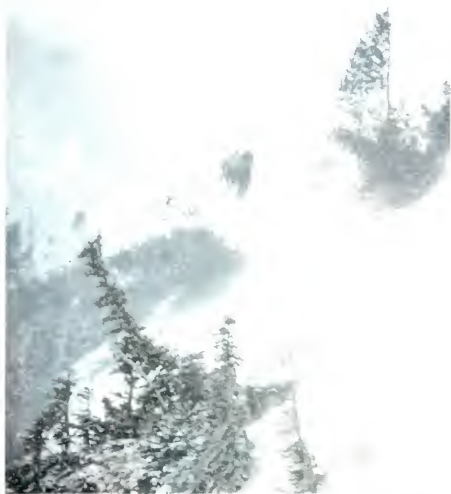


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THE FREEZING TRAIL



On snow-swept slopes like those of Montana's vast Bob Marshall Wilderness Area (above), hunters now are seeking out the biggest U.S. game. For more on this rigorous sport and this rugged country turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOERN GERDTS



THE WARMING TENT

The hunters above, happily thawing out after the frigid ride shown on the preceding pages, are members of the Rocky Mountain Big Game Hunters' Club, an informal group of Great Falls, Mont. business and professional men who hunt the 990,900-acre Bob Marshall Wilderness Area in northwestern Montana every year. They could hardly find better big game country. For the Bob Marshall Area is virgin land, one of 80 wilderness areas set aside by the Forest Service to be preserved in their primitive state. As the guide and map on the following pages show, it is rich with bear, deer, elk, mountain sheep and a variety of other game, ready for any hunter with the time and the inclination to make a grueling pack trip into the back country.

Last year 500 hunters packed into this roadless wilderness, among them the Rocky Mountain Big Game contingent, which turned out to celebrate its 25th annual hunt.

Setting off from Great Falls at 6:30 a.m. on a chill October morning, the hunters drove 81 miles over back roads through Choteau to the edge of the wilderness, where they climbed onto their horses for the 12-mile ride to hunting territory. Then, for a week, they enjoyed a perfect hunter's holiday, stalking game, playing cards and, at day's end, crowding into one of the 12-by-14 sleeping tents to warm body and soul with hunting chatter and good drink. Shown above are (from left to right) Louis DeLegro of Great Falls, the camp cook; Earl A. Gray, Great Falls contractor; William R. Davis, Great Falls businessman; George Nilson, Great Falls contractor and cattle rancher; Leo Beaulaurier, Great Falls contractor and artist; Clark Fergus, Billings supermarket operator; Dr. G. Keith Bramwell, Seattle dentist; Paul Matteucci, Great Falls supermarket operator; Eugene E. Montgomery, Des Moines manager of Sears Roebuck and Co.; Carl E. Thisted, Great Falls stockbroker and rancher; Frank Kops, Great Falls, owner of Kops Piano House; and Dr. Charles F. Little, Great Falls physician.

HAVE RIFLE, WILL TRAVEL

A Sports Illustrated reporter goes to Montana to sample

some of the finest big-game hunting anywhere in America by VIRGINIA KRAFT

THE BOB MARSHALL WILDERNESS in Montana, the rugged backdrop for the sportsmen shown on the preceding pages, is a monument to the extravagance of nature's imagination. Within its borders lie almost a million acres of virgin forest. Out of the dense pine valleys, limestone mountains rise to more than 8,000 feet, backing upward toward sheer cliffs that leap another 1,000 feet to form the awesome barrier of the Continental Divide. Not a single road cuts through the woods and mountains to disturb an abundance of wildlife that is unequaled elsewhere in the United States.

Yet this ageless wilderness is open to everyone. It is part of the vast natural inheritance that a few farsighted conservationists saved and protected for a leisure-conscious nation. One of the leaders of the wilderness crusade was the late Bob Marshall, who spearheaded a movement that in two decades has grown to include 80 wilderness areas in which more than 20 million recreation-hungry Americans have rediscovered the outdoors.

A year after Marshall's death in 1939, three primitive areas, situated in the Lewis and Clark and Flathead national forests in northwest Montana, were consolidated into one great hunting ground and named the Bob Marshall Wilderness. It is the most beautiful and at the same time one of the least known and least visited of the wildernesses. Each year only 500 sportsmen pack in during the hunting season. This year I was fortunate to make the trip, and one thing was immediately apparent: hunters in the Bob Marshall are a very special breed. Most of them come from out of state. Many travel

1,000 miles or more, but they all share one thing in common. They are quality hunters seeking quality hunting.

"That's a distinctive part of this Wilderness," says Robert F. Cooney, Chief of Game Management for the Montana Fish and Game Commission. "Sportsmen who seek out the Bob Marshall want the highest level of hunting experience; the pursuit of an animal in the wildest range of its habitat under conditions most difficult for the hunter and most advantageous for the quarry. They want to engage in a competition between man and nature as primitive as the area itself. This kind of competition demands a particularly pure sportsman, a hunter who does not care if he leaves the Wilderness empty-handed, because the hunt and not the bag is his primary goal."

Because the Wilderness is roadless, and will always be if the combined vigilance of the Forest Service, the Montana Game Commission and the Wilderness Society has anything to do with it, a hunter going into the Bob Marshall faces a six- or eight-hour ride on horseback, or, harder still, a hike of several days. The 1,500 miles of narrow trails (see map) are marked, but in some areas only at intervals of several miles. Although maintained and cleared each summer by Forest Service crews, they are rugged, mountainous paths which wind through dense forests, over jutting shale cliffs, across fast-moving streams and through canyons and rockslides. They are difficult and sometimes treacherous.

A number of Forest Service guard
continued

REPORTER KRAFT BEAMS OVER THE SURPRISE TROPHY THAT INVADED WILDERNESS CAMP



BOB MARSHALL WILDERNESS

MONTANA

• GREAT FALLS
• HELENA
• BUTTE

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HEAVIEST CONCENTRATIONS
OF GAME DURING
HUNTING SEASON



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BLACK BEAR



DEER



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SPOTTED BEAR

- GUARD CABIN
- LOOKOUT
- RANGER STATION
- LANDING FIELD (public)
- FOREST SERVICE LANDING FIELD (emergency only)

SCALE IN MILES

0 6 12 18

MAP BY JEAN BENSON

WILDERNESS

continued

cabins and mountain lookouts are located strategically throughout the area, but these exist solely as fire-control measures, are often unmanned, and never for use of the hunter. Nor is the Bob Marshall a park where the trail leads eventually to a lean-to and kindling stacked against a fireplace. The trail leads only to other mountains and other canyons, each as barren of man-made improvements as the last.

In this wild country the grizzly bear roams one of its last remaining haunts. There are a few in Wyoming and Idaho, but the largest concentration of grizzly bears in the world is in the Bob Marshall Wilderness.

The nation's second largest elk herds are also here, sharing their habitat with mule deer and whitetails, black bears and moose. On the sheer cliffs of the Chinese Wall, where for one stretch of 22 miles the great barrier of the Continental Divide towers 1,000 feet above the surrounding country, mountain goats pick their way among massive boulders and sun themselves on unscalable ledges. Rocky Mountain sheep move stealthily above the timber line. Blue grouse whirl out of brambling clumps, and loons call somberly across Big Salmon Lake. Along darkened crevices, long, sleek mountain lions pursue their nightly paths.

The hunter, regardless of experience, who tackles this kind of country alone or without a first-class guide takes a needless and foolish risk. There are at least two dozen fine guides and outfitters scattered around the edges of the hunting ground. They provide riding and pack animals, and all basic camping equipment for a week or 10-day hunt. Customarily, they furnish at least one guide for every two hunters. The usual outfit consists of a sleeping tent for two to four people; a dining tent, like the one shown crowded with relaxing hunters on page 70, which doubles as a bar and recreation room; portable wood-burning stoves; canned and dried provisions; materials for packing and salting trophies; and medical supplies for almost anything from a hangnail to appendicitis. Some outfitters even have facilities at their home lodges for entertaining wives and children who cannot or don't want to pack into the Wilderness.

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WILDERNESS

continued

Generally the hunter is expected to bring his own sleeping bag, since bedding is usually a matter of personal preference.

Personal clothing and toiletries are, naturally, the hunter's choice but the lighter he travels the more comfortable he'll be. For my trip I took along a pair of trousers (although two pairs are advisable), long-johns, two lightweight and one red flannel shirt, a warm jacket and red cap, six pairs of good walking socks, a well-broken-in pair of boots, moccasins for evening lounging and a foul-weather parka. Since bathing is an unknown luxury, I added a bottle of Chanel No. 5. Many hunters take along a set of insulated underwear—which often doubles for pajamas—and waterproof boots. Weather changes in the Wilderness, especially after the first of November, can be sudden and unpredictable.

A duffel bag for carrying all this gear is essential, and most outfitters expect the hunter to provide this item. The hunter is also expected to have his own saddle scabbard, a piece of equipment few eastern or midwestern hunters own or care to buy. But by notifying the outfitter well in advance of the trip, indicating the type of rifle and scope, saddle scabbards can generally be borrowed or rented. They are necessary in this kind of hunting; so, too, is a shoulder sling. After a long hike over rugged, windfallen trails, a rifle has a disturbing tendency to apparently double its weight. A sling makes the load seem lighter, and is also a convenient way of keeping both hands free when boulders must be climbed or slippery logs crossed.

The choice of rifle is particularly important. Before the veteran of other hunts puts the .30-30 he's used for 20 years and starts off into the Wilderness, he should consider the kind of country he is going into. Though a hunter in the Bob Marshall may be seeking nothing bigger than deer, he may find he himself is being sought by a bear. This is no scare story. People have been killed here trying to knock down a grizzly with a .30-30.

Unfortunately, a hunter really loaded for bear will make mincemeat of a mountain goat. Since, as I discovered, carrying two weapons is highly impractical, the solution is a medium-heavy rifle such as the Remington 721 in .300 H & H Magnum or the Winchester 70 in .30-06. Either of these will do a good job on bear or a 1,000-pound



PRIZE TROPHY WAS GOAT SHOT ON CLIFF

bull elk, yet leave a mountain goat or deer in reasonable condition. They are, incidentally, the rifles many of the Rangers carry, and they should know.

These same Rangers also use scope sights, which have two advantages for Wilderness hunting. Their light-gathering quality in early morning and late afternoon is particularly valuable, since game is most often encountered at these times of day. Elk, particularly early in the season before the big snows, tend to move at the end of the day out of thick woods onto the grassy parks which spot the mountainsides. An elk's coloring blends neatly with the tawny grass, often making it impossible to distinguish without a scope. As for goat or sheep, they are almost always too far off to bring down without a scope. A 2 1/2 X to 4 X is probably maximum power needed for hunting the Bob Marshall, but a variable such as the Bausch & Lomb BALvar 8, which can instantly be turned from 2 1/2 X up to 8-power, has the added advantage of doubling as a spotting scope when surveying distant country.

In the Bob Marshall Wilderness, a well-outfitted hunter with a good gun and a good guide has a 75% chance of getting his trophy. For the hardy sportsman, willing to walk a few dozen miles and scale a cliff or two, the success figure is closer to 85%. Mountain-goat hunting is a good example. Among many sportsmen, this animal is considered one of the toughest to hunt and the finest to bag. Yet, in a single day, I was within shooting range of 13 prizeable trophies.

Finding this kind of shooting opportunity, however, meant riding out from camp somewhere around 5 in the morning, leaving the horses six miles later and beginning a three-hour mountain climb, much of it hand-over-hand across shale slides, around gaping crevasses and eventually to the top of a 9,000-

foot mountain. There, on the wrong side of a boulder-strewn canyon, were five goats.

The job then was to crawl around the canyon, being careful to stay downwind and behind sufficient cover to escape their vision, which is as good as a 20X telescope. The strategy for the approach was beautifully plotted by my guides, State Game Rangers Ross Wilson and Lawrence Deist and Game Biologist Faye Cooney, and as I crossed the canyon they dropped behind so as not to disturb the goats. For almost an hour, I tiptoed from one protecting rock to another until finally I had circled to the other side. When I was 50 yards away, the goats sensed danger and took off along the rocky edge of a jagged cliff. Behind them, but much less adapted to the terrain, I engaged between the rocks, singled out the biggest of the five and fired. The goat did a somersault as the bullet struck, rolled twice toward the edge of the precipice and stopped against a jutting rock.

Bear, on the other hand, may be anywhere, as I discovered the next morning when a 400-pound black made the mistake of wandering almost into our camp. It was quickly converted into a long-desired bearskin rug.

To hunt the wilderness

The general big-game seasons in the Wilderness opened west of the Divide on the 15th of September, east of the Divide on the 20th of October, and will run on till the 24th of November. By now the brilliance and warmth of Indian summer is gone. But there is still nearly a month of fine hunting when November snows push much of the game down from the mountaintops.

For any hunter who can get away this fall, or who wants to plan ahead to the early season next year, the cost of a trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness is surprisingly low. An average outfitter charges approximately \$45 to \$45 per person per day. The Montana nonresident license costs \$100 but, unlike permits in many other states, allows hunting of both big and small game. This fee also includes bird shooting and fishing (fall angling for rainbows, Dolly Vardens and whitefish is as good as the hunting). Goat permits are only \$5; a few sheep and moose permits are parceled out in a special drawing. Total cost, then, for a week in this Wilderness is about \$500, a small price to pay for an outdoor adventure that Bob Marshall himself once described as "so great that the human being who looks upon it vanishes into utter insignificance." **END.**

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BONNIE PRUDDEN

17

The lateral stretch corrects both flabby arms and rounded shoulders

The lateral stretch is particularly good for women because it helps enhance the bust line and makes firm the flabby upper arm so prevalent among women over 25 who otherwise have fine figures. But men will benefit, too, since the exercise, designed and demonstrated here by the indefatigable Miss Prudden, aids in correcting rounded shoulders and is a good stretching exercise for the entire torso. This being your 13th week of following your fitness program, it is time again to make new charts for your third six-week stint. The rule is still a minimum of 15 minutes per day of exercise, although by now you are probably doing more.



Rest weight evenly on knees and left hand, with fingers turned toward head. Bring right shoulder to the floor and thrust right hand through the arch.

Fling your right arm (take it easy at first) to right and up overhead, following the hand with your eyes. Repeat the exercise eight times on each side.



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CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

ADVANTAGES OF A CHEERFUL FRONT

It is difficult to measure the attribute of confidence in terms of tricks, but I would venture an unusually high estimate of the number of contracts whose success can be directly assigned to the maintenance of a stiff upper lip by the declarer during his darkest hours. This hand was played in a duplicate:

<table><tr><td>SOUTH</td><td>WEST</td><td>NORTH</td><td>EAST</td></tr><tr><td>1 ♣</td><td>1 ♦</td><td>1 ♠</td><td>Pass</td></tr><tr><td>1 no trump</td><td>Pass</td><td>2 no trump</td><td>Pass</td></tr><tr><td>3 no trump</td><td>Pass</td><td>Pass</td><td>Pass</td></tr></table>				SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST	1 ♣	1 ♦	1 ♠	Pass	1 no trump	Pass	2 no trump	Pass	3 no trump	Pass	Pass	Pass
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST																
1 ♣	1 ♦	1 ♠	Pass																
1 no trump	Pass	2 no trump	Pass																
3 no trump	Pass	Pass	Pass																

The lead in all cases was the 7 of diamonds. One declarer played low from dummy and was forced to win the trick with the king. As a result, when West won the inevitable club finesse, nothing was left to his imagination. Proper technique calls for the queen at the opening trick, because it will leave West in doubt when he gains the lead with the king of clubs. West knows that declarer holds the king of diamonds; if it is still guarded, the play of the ace will establish another winner for South. So, in some cases, West decided to exit with the jack of hearts. Of course, South promptly ran for cover.

At one table, South made the right play but the wrong face. He won the first trick with dummy's queen of diamonds, but when the club finesse lost there was a distinct falling of declarer's chin, which West did not fail to observe. So, when West took his king of clubs he promptly played the ace of diamonds and struck oil. A cheerful front by declarer might have rendered West's problem more acute.

Emoting aside, West's play of the diamond ace at trick three is logical. He must realize that no effort to get partner in posthaste is apt to succeed. The bidding fairly marks declarer with both major aces so West's only real chance is to play for the king of diamonds to fall.



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THE QUESTION: *Do you think that alumni groups are harmful to college sports? (Asked at the American Alumni Council meeting in Pasadena, Calif.)*

SEA FIELD

*Tulane University
Director of Alumni
Activities*

The activities of some alumni groups today are harmful. They are motivated by loyalty to their colleges, the glamour of sports and their own competitive spirit. However, in the last three years, I've sensed a marked change. "Student-athlete" has become almost a catchword.

VERNON B. ALDEN

*Harvard Business
School
Associate Dean*

In a seminar for college presidents held at the Harvard Business School, a case dealt with alumni pressure on athletics. The consensus was that they have matured and are now three years beyond the stage when it was a question whether they or the colleges would control the athletic programs.

BOB SIBLEY

*Berkeley, Calif.
Past president
Amer. Alumni Council*

In general, no. True, the unauthorized action of individuals and small alumni groups in recruiting and subsidizing football players in our conference resulted in suspensions by the NCAA, but that certainly should not damn all the other alumni who are responsible for a lot of college enthusiasm.

JAMES E. ARMSTRONG

*Notre Dame
Alumni Secretary*

No. The alumni groups who send athletes to their colleges are, in the main, doing a good job. Those boys are serious about their educations. As specific examples, the average marks of the football players at Notre Dame, Brown and the Naval Academy are higher than the averages of their schools.

WALDO G. H. JOHNSTON

*Yale University
Executive Secretary
Alumni board*

A few instances have given some alumni groups bad publicity, but most alumni realize the importance of athletics as a factor in all-round development of students. They know that the problem is to keep athletics in proper proportion. Yale alumni are completely cooperative.

JIM GREASHAM

*Arizona State at Tempe
Alumni Secretary*

Alumni groups are harmful when they want to win at any cost. Many of them do. But the majority of alumni throughout the country regard sports and enjoy them as only one vital part of university programs. To them, winning at any cost is harmful to the universities they love.

HOWARD W. HORT

*University of Chicago
President
Amer. Alumni Council*

Yes—when they demand bowl games and Madison Square Garden finals; when their only college support is a Cadillac for a "perfect" season or a "goodby" banner for a three-game loser. No—when their enthusiasm inspires top classroom performance and effective athletic teamwork.

TOM NICKELL

*USC
Director of Alumni
Fund*

The help that alumni give to college sports is not detrimental. We have a good athletic tradition at USC, and we introduced the higher academic standards now under conference study. "Trojan" implies something that is good. There have been 51 Trojans on Olympic teams.

VICTOR F. STEFAN

*U. of Santa Clara
Alumni Director*

The growth of football during the Depression helped the West Coast colleges meet their expenses. Football grew too fast. Competition for players became tremendous. Some alumni groups within the alumni associations, operating without the sanction of the universities, have been very harmful.

ERNEST Y. STEWART

*Executive Director
Amer. Alumni Council*

No. Most alumni have a healthy interest in college sports. The unofficial activities of a few, known as the lunatic fringe, who insist upon winning at any price, are definitely harmful. It's really unfortunate that the alumni in general are blamed for the excesses of these few.



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ALL ABOUT DUCKS

May 1, on behalf of Ducks Unlimited, comes to you the very sincere thanks of our organization for the splendid story written by Cokes Phinley (*The Road Is Your Well-fated Parade*, 84, Oct. 21).

The story is most accurate indeed and we wish to congratulate SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for a wonderful job well done.

ARTHUR BARTLEY
Executive Director
Ducks Unlimited

New York City

Sirs,

Mr. Phinley's article on Tim Storting and the work he is doing with ducks is most interesting and instructive to the 2 million who love them.

Ducks Unlimited has undoubtedly done wonderful work. Could you enlighten us when our contributions should be sent?

TOM WETTERFIELD

Fletcher, N.C.

• To Ducks Unlimited, Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.—ED.

GOLF: DREAMS OF GLORY

Sirs:

I just read George Plimpton's article (*Newport Gets Some Tips from the Top*, 84, Oct. 14) and enjoyed it very much.

He included little details which were very interesting to me as a golf professional, and I trust to many other people.

If he writes as he writes it he should be captain of the Walker Cup team.

BILL DOWIE

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

BRIDGE: TESTING, TESTING (CONT.)

Sirs:

I enjoyed taking Mr. Goren's test (84, Oct. 14) very much, and I think it was a very fair test of one's bidding knowledge. The one hand which caused me trouble and a bit of uneasiness was No. 14 (see below). I was under the impression that a takeout double provided support for my suit over partner might bid. The chances are very good that my partner is going to bid diamonds, and if his hand is weak, we are going to be set. I chose two clubs, assuming rubber bridge, as the best of bad bargains because the



13 Neither vulnerable. Your right hand opponent opens the bidding with one heart. What is your bid?

(continued)

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PAT ON THE BACK

SAFE SHOOTERS The six pleased-as-punch Oklahoma youngsters pictured below are (left to right): Claud Maxwell, 17, Cynthia Ann Hahn, 17, Judy Lansford, 18, and Charles Bryan, 15, all of Oklahoma City, and Cleo Jones, 16, and Tex Worley, 17, of Nuyaka. The occasion for their grins and trophies was the conclusion of Oklahoma City's first Hunter Safety Meet, won by the Maxwell-Hahn team; Lansford-Bryan were second and Jones-Worley third out of a field of 25 teen-age pairs who competed at the Capitol City Gun



Club. The meet, sponsored by radio-TV station WKY to dramatize the practical value of sound training for young hunters, was divided into three parts: gun handling under field conditions, trapshooting and a written examination. Sample question: "True or false? Because many farmers dislike hunters, it is best to enter hunting grounds quietly so no one knows you are there." In the field trial the contestants, armed with shotguns and blank loads, got in and out of an automobile and a boat, crossed a fence, followed a trail and blazed away at a stuffed crow, squirrel, coyote, pheasant, opossum, quail, fox and rabbit which bordered the way like a mob scene from *Urie Rexus*. Said Judge Ted McClung, when the smoke cleared: "It's amazing how well the kids have been trained."

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